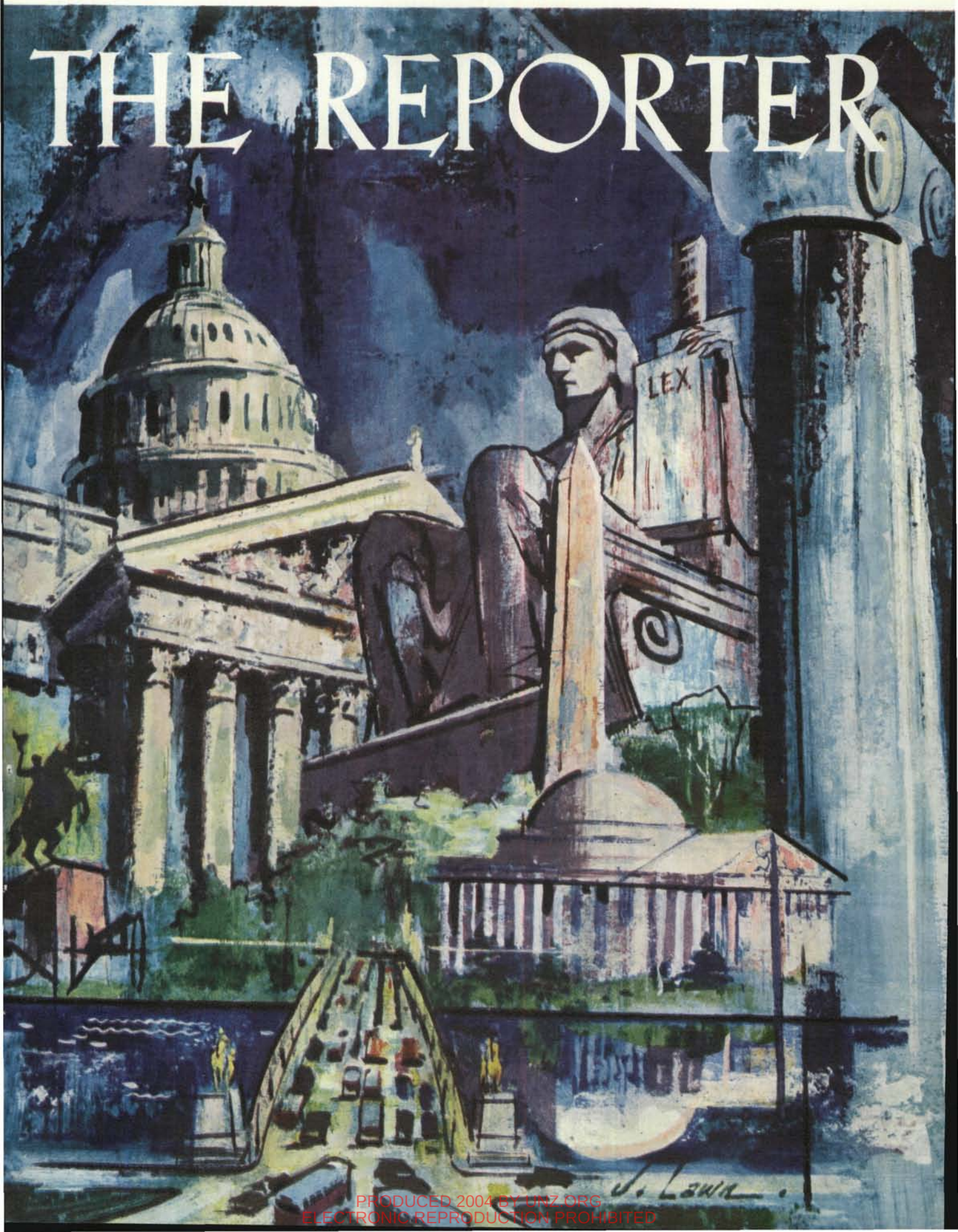
THE HIDDEN AMERICA

December 1, 1955 25¢

THE REPORTER



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He brought snow to New Guinea

DECEMBER 24, 1944. The captured, rebuilt airstrips bake under a blazing sun. No breeze stirs the kunai grass. The dim, weather-stained notice clinging to the mail-room door tells you Jap subs sank the ship carrying Christmas packages.

If you punch two buttons on the walkie-talkie at the same time, you can tune in the Jungle Network. The song you hear is a favorite all over the Pacific. It seems to bring you home.

"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas . . ."*

The man who wrote that song is an expert at cheering up troops. In 1918, Private Irving Berlin wrote his first all-soldier show, in 1942 his second: "This Is The Army," with which he toured almost every theater of war.

Berlin is also an expert at coming up the hard way. Immigrant to America at 5, on his own at 19, his first song earned just thirty-three cents. But Berlin kept trying; never lost faith in himself or his opportunities.

His hard-working, confident drive is a trait Americans set great store by. And Americans have a lot of it. Which helps account for the fact that our country's Savings Bonds are one of the finest investments in the world.

For the drive of 165 million Americans stands behind these Bonds.

That's why it's such a sound idea for every American—for you—to invest regularly in United States Series E Savings Bonds, and hold on to them.

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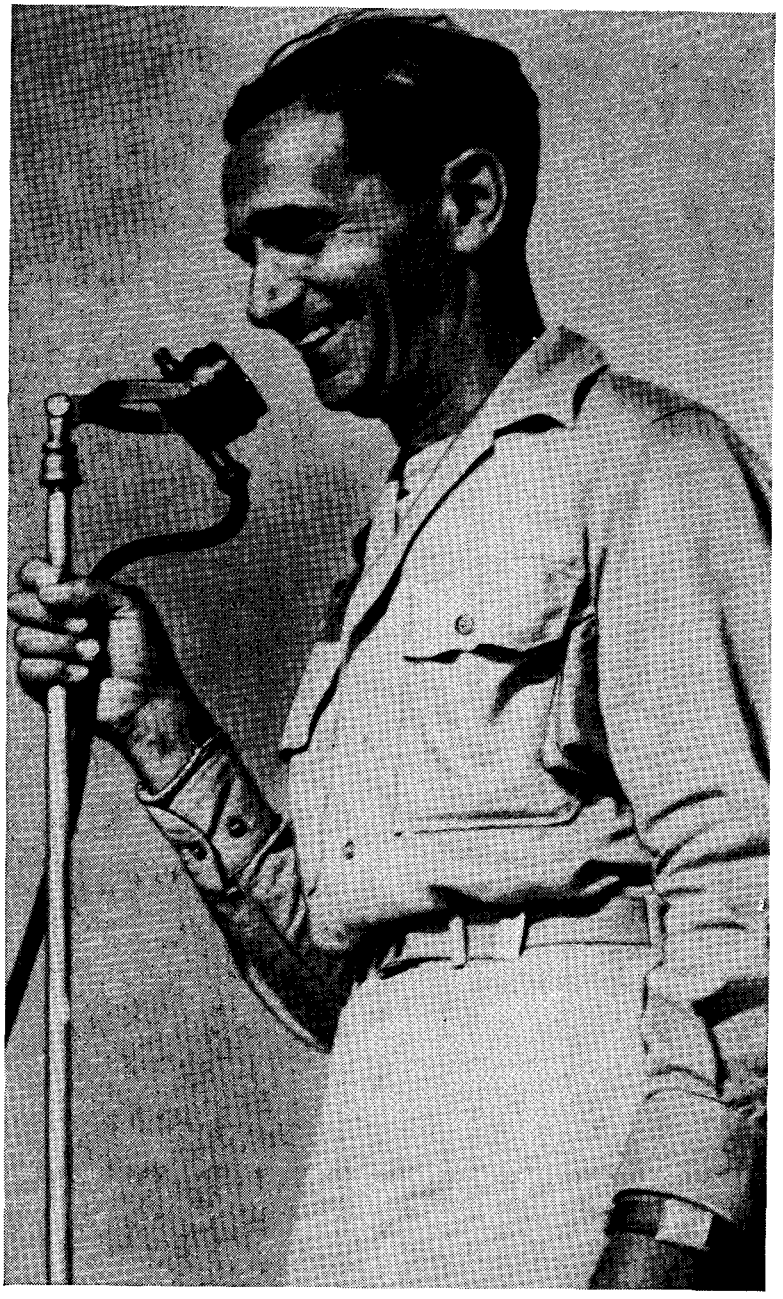

★ ★ ★

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An Excellent Way to Test Your Understanding of Music

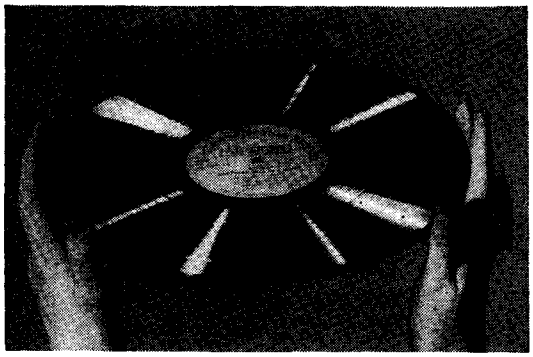
Will you accept WITHOUT CHARGE the

Music-Appreciation Recording of

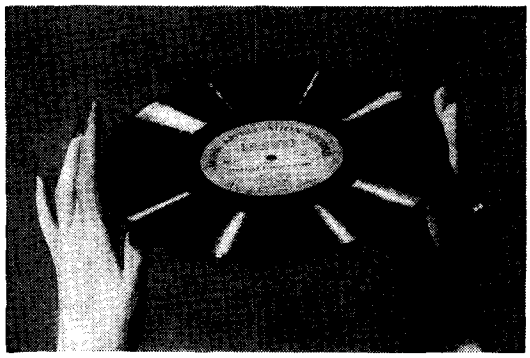
Brahms' VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MAJOR

WALTER GOEHR, *conducting the* LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA • **Endre Wolf,** *violinist*

ON TWO RECORDS (a 12-inch and a 10-inch disc)*



First play the 12-inch PERFORMANCE record and see how much—and what—you hear in it . . .



Then play the 10-inch ANALYSIS record—and see how much you may have been missing

***IMPORTANT, PLEASE NOTE:** Unlike most MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS (see below), this recording, because of the length of the Brahms' concerto, is on two records—a 12" disc with the uninterrupted performance only, and a 10" disc presenting the analysis, written and conducted by Thomas Scherman, Musical Director of MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS.

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THIS NEW IDEA is designed for those who enjoy good music but who are aware, too often, that they do not listen to it with complete understanding and appreciation. There is no doubt about the reason: most of us are not properly primed about *what to listen for.* MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORDS meet this need—for a fuller understanding of music—better than any means ever devised. This enjoyable form of self-education is comparable to the Music Appreciation courses given in many universities.

YOU SUBSCRIBE BUT TAKE ONLY THE RECORDS YOU WANT . . . A new MUSIC-APPRECIATION RECORD is issued—for subscribers only—every month. You receive a descriptive Announcement about each record, written by the noted composer and music commentator, Deems Taylor. After reading this Announcement you may take the record or not. *You are not obligated to take any specified number of records.* And you may stop the subscription at any time!

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Hatchet Man

Recently the Senate Republican Policy Committee put out a memorandum entitled "Acheson and Hiss Get Together Again—This Time in Print." The story noted, ". . . the appearance of an article by Alger Hiss in *Pocket Book Magazine* and one by Dean Acheson in *Harper's* . . . suggests that the two friends are together again. Their efforts are a clear signal that a determined effort will be made to capture the Democratic nomination for a Left Winger."

WE RUBBED our eyes and sent a girl who is one of our Washington reporters down to the Capitol to find out some more about the Policy Committee. Its chairman is Styles Bridges of New Hampshire and the memorandum bore the specific notation: "Neither the Members of the Republican Policy Committee nor other Republican Senators are responsible for the statements herein contained, except such as they are willing to endorse and make their own."

Who was responsible? our reporter asked a knowledgeable observer. He answered in a roundabout way. Did she know, he asked, that the Policy Committee had been enlarged about a year ago to include every Republican Senator who was up for re-election? "Of course when you get a committee that large, the Senators don't run it. The tail wags the dog."

Our girl considered that comment thoughtfully and went in to see Lloyd Jones, staff director. Mr. Jones, whom she describes as a fortyish-looking man with a little gold mustache and glasses, was glad to explain the committee's policy. "No consensus of opinion is taken before putting out documents," he said. "The staff has permission to put out weekly memos, which the chairman doesn't usually bother to check. As for the more formal documents"—he shrugged—"sometimes we do them at the request of a Senator, and sometimes we initiate them ourselves."

Obligingly he read her a list of publications put out this year. Among the routine ones about farm and tax policy, our reporter noticed several that caught her attention: "Yalta Papers and Related Data," an "exposé" of Americans for Democratic Action, a digest of the 1954 annual report of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee entitled "More Evidence of Communist Infiltration in Democratic Administration," and a suggested speech playing up the "numbers game."

Specifically, she asked, who initiated these? "The Yalta Papers was done at the request of the chairman; the staff initiated the others," Mr. Jones replied. Who on the staff? "I take responsibility for all publications put out by the staff."

Our reporter turned to the recent Acheson-Hiss statement. You got quite a bit of attention with that, she remarked amiably. Mr. Jones demurred: "Just a routine comment," he said, closing his desk drawer hastily on an editorial clipped from the Washington *Post* entitled "In the Gutter Again." And whose idea was that? "Mine," he said brightly. "It seemed like an interesting point to me."

THEN our reporter went over to see the administrative assistant of one of the five "liberal" Senators on the committee. "Sure it was a bad statement," he agreed blandly. "But so what? So the committee puts out five or six statements that are typical McCarthy junk. What difference does it make? Don't forget, the committee has to please all segments of the Republican Party."

"I thought that the party was being rebuilt in the image of President Eisenhower," our girl remarked mildly. "Sure," said the Senator's assistant. "But there will always be a

MEN OF NO DISTINCTION

"The popular stereotype of the advertising man—the charcoal suit, the martini and casual disregard for home and family—is altogether wrong, according to a survey conducted by McCall's Magazine. The study disclosed that the advertising man washes windows and dishes, cooks, shops and sits with the baby, just as in many other homes." —*New York* Times

What, not a monster, just another sucker,
Detergent-handed, clad in bib and tucker?
Cook, shopper, sitter, single-minded lover
As antiseptic as a Rockwell cover?
Nay, not for him martini-in-the-hand,
Love-in-the-office, passion contraband;
He lives as he must write, his every line
Reflecting bliss in a four-color shrine,
Where happy families revel in the cheer
Of tinted kitchens and uncaloried beer,
And closet doors conspire to refute
The hidden presence of the charcoal suit.

—SEC

THE REPORTER, December 1, 1955, Volume 13, No. 9. Entered as second-class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday, except for omission of two summer issues, by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1955 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6. Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service*.

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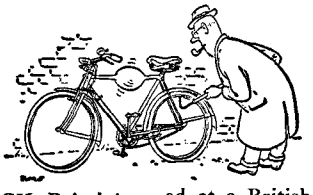
53 Delightful Evenings

IN THE COMPANY OF BRITAIN'S MOST ENTERTAINING PEOPLE...THE WRITERS AND CARTOONISTS OF PUNCH

"I'm SX32IV of the First Unmanned Test Rocket, sir, and I've found a local variety of banana that's wonderfully stimulating to the intelligence."



ONCE A WEEK, for the next year, you (or some other folks you're especially fond of) can spend a delightful evening 3000 miles away from home.

Through the magic of PUNCH, Britain's No. 1 humor magazine since 1841, your own familiar (perhaps *too* familiar) world will fade out—and you will find yourself in the world of your sophisticated British counterpart. You will mingle with Britain's keenest contemporary wits and critics, in a weekly carnival of the mind where nothing is very sacred and dazzling intellectual fireworks are taken for granted.

It was here that Stephen Potter's fiendish techniques of "Gamesmanship" and "Lifemanship" were first unleashed . . . and Rowland Emett's fantastic Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway crept across the page. Here is where you see over 1000 cartoons a year by 70 top-notch English cartoonists of today: Searle ("The Belles of St. Trinian's,"), Giovannetti ("Max"), Langdon, Brockbank, Sprod, Fougasse, and others whose fame has spread half-way around the world.

Mr. Punch Always Rises to the Occasion

No matter what happens around him, Mr. Punch always rises to the occasion . . . and beats it merrily with his stick.

During the recent London newspaper strike, for example, Punch provided a solemn London Times editorial suitable for all occasions . . . a daily newspaper as it might have been sent through channels by a military officer . . . a racing summary by "Hippicratic," who triumphantly announced that (although he couldn't prove it) he had actually picked *all* the winners of recent days.

And when it was suggested at a British Dental Conference that the shortage of dentists could be relieved by glamorizing the profession (as A. J. Cronin and Hollywood have done for doctors) Punch obliged with a devastating script entitled, "Stars Look Down in the Mouth."

More Than a Humor Magazine

Of course, Punch is much more than a humor magazine. The pungent editorials by its new editor, Malcolm Muggeridge, have been widely quoted in America — by *Life, Time,* and many others. And the signatures in his new Punch read like a Who's Who of modern English letters: Robert Graves . . . P. G. Wodehouse . . . Evelyn Waugh . . . Anthony Powell . . . Randolph Churchill . . . A. P. Herbert. Punch's columns of review and criticism give you fascinating insights into current British (and often *American*) plays . . . movies . . . television . . . books . . . politics.

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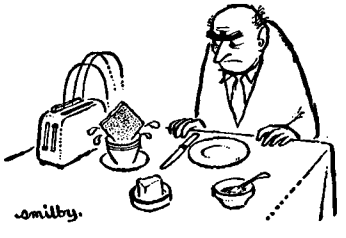
In fact, in a burst of Christmas spirit, the publishers have decided to go even further: only $4.00 for each *additional* subscription over your first one. Can you imagine a less expensive way to delight and flatter your most particular friends and relatives? Each person on your gift subscription list will get an attractive Christmas card in your name telling of your present.

This special offer can be made only once a year, however. So better clip and mail the coupon below right away, before it's too late.

P.S. Even the ADS in Punch are a treat!



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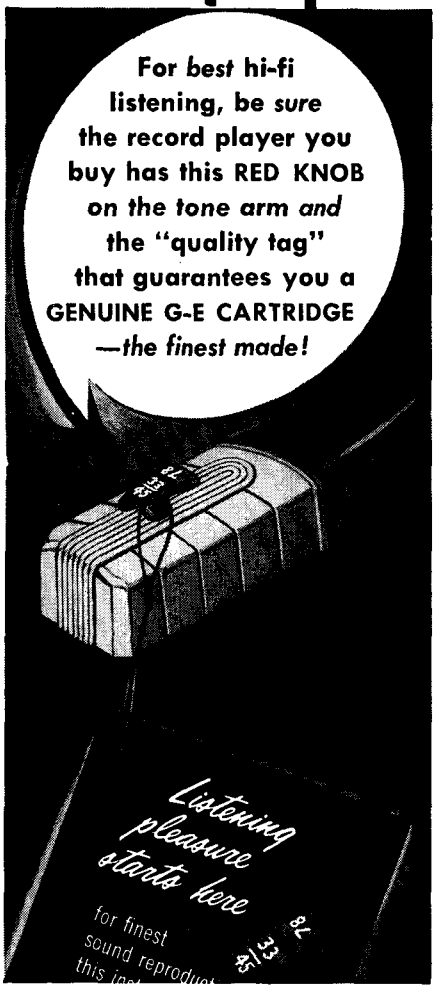
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Listening pleasure starts here
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45

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Why a G-E Cartridge?

Because only a fine cartridge and stylus can reproduce *all* the quality originally recorded on your records. A genuine G-E Cartridge and Stylus positively brings you *all* the satisfying highs and lows, the *full* musical dimensions you seek in record listening. What's more, the G-E Cartridge gives you the same professional quality favored by foremost broadcast stations.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

hatchet man to do what the leaders can't do. Don't get excited about it. It's only politics."

Perfect Timing

There is a time for everything, including retrenchment, and there is also a time not to get up and proclaim to all concerned, "Come hell or high water, we're going to save our dough."

Suppose you have been doling out funds for quite a while to make friends abroad and improve their condition, and you find that your friends or potential friends are coming along nicely. If not actively in your camp, at least they are not moving toward that of your opponents. Moreover, they are getting increasingly self-confident and self-supporting. This could be a moment to reduce your outlays judiciously and take credit for the progress made so far—particularly when there's an election year ahead.

But suppose on the contrary that some of these beneficiaries abroad find themselves distracted by too many internal and external worries, and in addition are being wooed by your opponents with promises of aid in competition with what you have held out to them. This would hardly seem the moment to announce to one and all that since things are going so splendidly to hell, you are going to slash your support by twenty per cent.

Yet this is just what the Administration did on November 15, acting upon the advice of Foreign Aid Director John B. Hollister. The announcement of the drastic curtailment of what was left of the aid program that began with the Marshall Plan was neatly timed to coincide with the news from Moscow heralding the large-scale launching of its Marshall Plan.

Neatly timed for Moscow, that is. Premier Bulganin and party boss Khrushchev were just about to take off on a lengthy good-will tour to neutralist India (to which they had offered a $100-million steel mill), Burma (whose surplus rice crop they have conveniently bought), and Afghanistan (where Soviet engineers are busy building grain elevators). At this interesting moment, our own economic-aid program for India was cut back $10 million and Mr. Hollister was priding himself on this achievement.

The Soviets, furthermore, taking on the guise of Middle Eastern flood-control experts, had offered to finance Egypt's immense Aswan High Dam project on the Nile. What did we think of all this? We thought, according to at least one Washington foreign-aid expert, that the whole proposal was a bluff; the Soviets didn't really have the resources to go through with it. The Soviets weren't going to win the Middle East with talk like that.

(Several months earlier, when Premier Nasser had told a top American representative in Cairo that if the Americans wouldn't supply him with arms the Soviets would, the American answered to his face with the same expression: "a bluff.")

The thought of entering an international handout contest and of winning friends only by becoming the highest bidder is of course preposterous. We cannot let ourselves be blackmailed or pay ransom to recover our prestige. For too long a standard joke has been going around in Europe and Asia that for a nation to qualify for the enjoyment of American liberality an active Communist Party is indispensable.

Now things have changed. Soviet Russia itself is no longer moving against us exclusively through its satellite parties in free nations, but also through its own Marshall Planning and Point Fouring. Now we are treated to the spectacle of conservationist Bulganin going around giving away dams while the budget-balancing Mr. Hollister fears they might cost too much and enough is enough anyway.

Yet this is the time we should come out with a new program of foreign assistance aimed at making backward nations self-supporting and independent—even if equidistant from both sides, as is the case with Yugoslavia. Secretary Dulles has seen the light about Yugoslavia but not Mr. Hollister about India, which is in desperate need of large-scale assistance. Aren't our relations with India in Mr. Dulles's bailiwick too? Or does the Administration believe that we should be liberal toward armed nations that just stay

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out of the Kremlin fold and conservative toward those that are not so heavily armed and just want to live in freedom?

All Things . . .

Richard Wilson, in a laudatory article on Vice-President Nixon in *Look*: "Inasmuch as Nixon's voting record in Congress is a liberal Republican one, his friends cannot understand why so many self-styled liberals don't like him."

Human Events (extreme right-wing), in the course of a laudatory commentary on Nixon: "Some of the right-wing Republicans are thoughtfully, and approvingly, dwelling on the voting record of one who was Senator Richard Nixon in 1950-52 . . . [He] has—in their eyes—a pretty good pedigree as expressed in his balloting under the Dome."

Holiness and Hotcha

It wasn't so very long ago that many clergymen, particularly of the stricter Protestant persuasions, looked upon dancing as something questionable and hot jazz as downright sinful. Dancing to hot jazz on a Sunday, of course, was unspeakable.

Times have changed. On November 13—a Sunday—CBS-TV's regular "Look Up and Live" program, whose subject is religion, had as its guests the Reverend Randy Hammond of the East Harlem Protestant Parish together with pianist Dave Brubeck and his quartet to discuss "The Theology of Jazz"—with illustrations.

As everyone knows, the Reverend Alvin Kershaw, pastor of the Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in Oxford, Ohio, appeared on "The $64,000 Question" in October to win $32,000 as an expert on jazz. Jazz "speaks the brotherhood of sensitive men," declared the pastor, and offers "a new understanding of how you are dependent upon a power and resource greater than yourself."

Now comes the National Council of Churches of Christ, which is discussing a nation-wide radio program over CBS on New Year's Eve to consist not of year-end meditation and prayer but of jazz. Presumably at some point during the program, the sponsor will introduce a plug for religion.

Who will help Gabriella?

Gabriella is six, the eldest of three children. She never slept in a bed. She goes to school because she gets one free meal a day. She has no others. She never owned a toy. Home is a hut, 9 x 12. The walls are of cardboard in spots where the logs have rotted away. The floor is earthen . . . there are no facilities. Gabriella's parents survived the war in Italy, but now there is no employment. Their hearts are torn, for they cannot help their child . . . not even comb her hair . . . they do not own a comb. Gabriella's hunger is unappeased, her misery deep. She cannot smile. Help to this family means hope instead of despair . . . a chance to live . . . a bulwark against destructive ideologies. Won't you help her and her weary parents or other distressed children . . . many without one or both parents? They can only look to you.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your" child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need, in England, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Greece, Western Germany and Korea, and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

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CORRESPONDENCE

ISSUES FIRST?

To the Editor: Perhaps you are right in suggesting in your editorial in the November 3 issue that in 1956 issues come first and men second, but men must still be taken into consideration. Should the President decide to run again, the voters will become aware of the importance of the Vice-Presidential candidate—who ought always to be, but sometimes has not been, of Presidential timber. The professional politicians ought not to choose a man because of his geographical availability, his "glamour," his smile, or his back-slapping ability; conditions make us realize that the Vice-Presidential candidate is peculiarly a Presidential possibility.

One Democratic suggestion had been made: that the slate consist of Stevenson and Kefauver. It must be obvious that the man who thinks the Vice-Presidency "beneath him" is not suitable for the Presidency; when the framers of the Constitution (before the days of parties) suggested that the candidate who received the next highest number of electoral votes be named Vice-President, they stated their belief that the man who is second in line should be of Presidential stature.

It may be true that "at this stage *The Reporter* has only a moderate interest in candidates." But I venture to suggest that the average voter—particularly if "independent"—probably has more interest in candidates than in platforms. Many of the promises are forgotten as time goes on. It has been suggested that a party platform is really a gangplank, helping the gang onto the ship of state—and then pulled in and forgotten until needed again.

ROBERT WITHINGTON
Northampton, Massachusetts

To the Editor: In your editorial in the November 3 issue you say: "... that magic formula of ninety per cent of parity . . . is the best guarantee of a perpetuated farm surplus and a perpetuated farm crisis." You have evidently been reading the editorials in the urban press, but have not talked with the farmers or the country bankers and tradesmen.

Farm surpluses are, in fact, only remotely identified with prices. Favorable weather in recent years, coupled with vast government reclamation projects, is directly responsible. (Newly reclaimed deserts in the Grand Coulee reclamation area have suddenly added ten per cent to our total wheat production.)

And what has actually provoked the present farm crisis is the new arbitrary fixing of lower and lower percentages of parity. (Even full parity represents no more than actual current costs of production.) These drastic reductions have cut the ground out from under the individual farmer by reducing his purchasing power, forcing him to employ every conceivable device to increase his unit bulk production in an effort to bring his gross income back into line with his steadily increasing costs. For evidence, just ask the farmer. For proof, note the continuously increasing production as prices continue downward.

I've been admiring your egghead editorial policy on public issues. I'm sorry to see you join the Old Guard on this one.

GEORGE D. TAYLOR
The New York State *Century Farmer*
Stamford, New York

MUSIC DOWN UNDER

To the Editor: In his interesting account of the London Philharmonia Orchestra in your issue of November 3, Martin Mayer hardly cast his net wide enough when he said of London "nowhere else is there so vast a demand for symphonic music." He pointed out that there were five to six hundred public symphony concerts a year in Greater London (with a concentrated population of 8,346,000). In Australia (population now 9,149,477 over an area as large as the United States) in each of the last three years approximately 560 public symphony concerts have been given; total attendance last year being 911,483 with thousands turned away. Each of the six state capitals has a full-time symphony orchestra with a permanent conductor.

Popular support of orchestral concerts in Australia is remarkable; sometimes young people start to queue twenty-four hours before the booking office opens for Youth Series concerts. Programs in all states have to be repeated from two to five times to accommodate the numbers wishing to attend, and Sydney has what is regarded as the largest subscription audience in the world.

S. S. BROWN
Director
Australian News and Information Bureau
New York

NIXON AND RESTON

To the Editor: Did James Reston's recent reflections on Mr. Nixon constitute a whitewash, as William Lee Miller (*The Reporter*, November 3) seems to believe? If I tell you that a would-be candidate has abjured drunkenness, horse thievery, and wife beating, and if I furnish details on this sinful past, might you not think twice before voting for him? And if I imply that his reformation resulted from calculation and ambition rather than from any repentance, might you not think a third time? Perhaps there are more things in Mr. Reston than Mr. Miller dreams of.

JOHN LOGUE
New York

To the Editor: In his imaginary interview with James Reston, William Lee Miller seems to focus his grievance on a symptom rather than a cause. I agree with him completely in his evaluation of Mr. Reston, but the suggestion that at his tender age Mr.

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Nixon can "change"—in one year?—hardly seems "sharp probing." Adaptability can have much the same appearance as change, and in this instance seems rather more probable.

But Mr. Reston writes for a newspaper with a reputation for relative fairness—impartiality—and this responsibility seems to weigh heavily upon him. Which brings us up squarely with the problem of a fair press. A newspaper, it seems to me, cannot be fair as long as editors remain human. The editor who declared he wrote his editorials in the headlines on the front page was only unusually candid, not atypical.

A fair press is one made up of numerous papers and editorial policies ranging from conservative to liberal opinion so that every shade of political thought can have a hospitable channel for its expression. It seems unreasonable to protest that papers published and edited by men of conservative opinion—the big majority—are not fair to liberal ideas, programs, etc.

If political questions could be weighed as fixed values, then Univac might be our man. But politics is a vital field only because its problems are moral ones. Discriminating men appraise them each according to his own personal evaluation, and cannot thus be "fair to both parties."

The great need today is not for men who can be impartial—or think they can be—but for men who know the great disparity between these two political philosophies and are warmly partisan. To free articulate, discerning men like Mr. Reston from the overwhelming burden of impartiality is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

HELEN THORP
Fort Lee, New Jersey

KEFAUVER AND CATER

To the Editor: I have read with amusement and dismay Douglass Cater's appraisal of Senator Estes Kefauver (*The Reporter*, November 3). It's a classic example of why so many Washington correspondents have gone wrong in the past in forecasting political events.

Why was Kefauver popular? Anybody who has watched him on television can tell you, and that particularly applies to anybody who saw him during the days of the crime investigation. Here is a man with a common touch and an uncommon lot of decent qualities, not afraid to stand up against the party bosses, the so-called Senate Democratic leadership, the criminal element, and the Dixon-Yates gang. Maybe his deficiency lies in not wining and dining the Washington correspondents.

If the Democrats give Kefauver the dirty deal they did before, they may find that Eisenhower isn't the only Republican who can beat them.

ARTHUR ELIOT
Alexandria, Virginia

To the Editor: Some of my friends were a little perturbed about the first part of Douglass Cater's article in *The Reporter*, but I didn't agree. I told them that his diagnosis of me was very fair and objective.

ESTES KEFAUVER
U. S. Senate
Washington, D. C.

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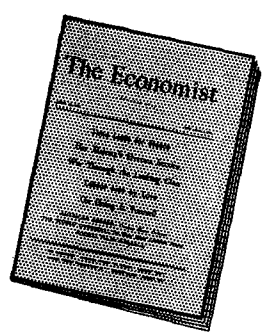

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Max Ascoli's editorial takes stock of the no-score Geneva Conference and finds one more urgent reason to foster what may be called a NATO patriotism. This broader political Community, NATO, which offers Americans the most appropriate outlet for our own patriotism, must grow into something infinitely more manifold and ramified than a mere military alliance. On the unique capacity of our country to develop new institutions while shyly thinking that it is following old patterns, our Editor had much to say in a speech recently delivered at Marquette University. In it our readers will recognize some already familiar editorial positions together with new ones that will be developed in the future. To our Editor's plea for ideas, nothing more appropriate could be added than **Eric Sevareid's** reflections on two good men who devoted their lives to the defense of ideas.

In the condition of Saudi Arabia as described by **Ray Alan,** who writes regularly for us from the Near East, one can see some of the causes for the persisting turmoil in that area. . . . **Isaac Deutscher,** author of *The Prophet Armed: Trotsky,* describes something going on now in Red China about which the major American publications, for some reason, have not seen fit to report—a pity, since these events offer quite a good chance for Mao & Co. to break their necks. . . . Some of the results of the latest post-Geneva situation are analyzed by **Alastair Buchan,** diplomatic correspondent for the London *Observer,* who from now on will write regularly for us from Europe. We have long been insisting on the need for a new diplomacy and a new strategy. Mr. Buchan makes this need for a new strategy quite clear and we wholeheartedly agree with his conclusions. . . . According to **Philip Woodyatt,** a free-lance writer formerly adviser to the State Department on Oriental affairs, there is much more than sun and coconuts in Hawaii. . . . Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** has been poking into the nearly incredible intricacies of Texas politics.

Richard Ellmann, professor of English at Northwestern University, is the author of two books on Yeats; his biography of Joyce will be published by the Oxford University Press. . . . **A. A. Berle, Jr.,** was closely associated with Fiorello LaGuardia. . . . **Henry Steele Commager** is Professor of American History at Columbia University. . . . **Sidney Alexander,** poet and novelist, teaches at the New School in New York. . . . **Thomas D. Parrish** is a New York editor. . . . Our cover is by **John Lawn.**

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THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

THANK YOU, MR. MOLOTOV—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 10

Our Ideas and Our Men

THE HIDDEN AMERICA . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 11

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD AND BERNARD DEVOTO . . . . . *Eric Sevareid* 17

At Home & Abroad

SAUDI ARABIA: OIL, SAND, AND ROYALTIES . . . . . *Ray Alan* 18

CAN MAO COLLECTIVIZE HALF A BILLION FARMERS? . . . *Isaac Deutscher* 21

TOWARD A NEW STRATEGY OF GRADUATED DETERRENCE . . . *Alastair Buchan* 23

WHEN COCONUTS DROPPED ON THE G.O.P. . . . . *Philip Woodyatt* 28

THE TROUBLE IN LYNDON JOHNSON'S BACK YARD . . . . . *Douglass Cater* 31

Views & Reviews

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT . . . . . *Richard Ellmann* 35

Channels: THE MILLION-DOLLAR SURPRISE . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 38

'AN ANDREW JACKSON OF THE CITIES' . . . . . *A. A. Berle, Jr.* 40

HOW IT ALL LOOKED TO MR. TRUMAN . . . . . *Henry Steele Commager* 42

THE LIMITED WORLD OF ALBERTO MORAVIA . . . . . *Sidney Alexander* 46

VICTORIANS SEEN WITHOUT MOCKERY . . . . . *Thomas D. Parrish* 48

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I suppose that for most of us (and certainly for those 25 or over) the months between April and August, 1945 rank among the most important of our lives.

In these months, just ten years ago, Franklin Delano Roosevelt died and Harry Truman became President, the war in Europe stopped, the Big Three met at Potsdam, the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima, and the Japanese war ended.

The man of all Americans most qualified to write about these events is Harry S. Truman, and he has now set down his own account of them. The only complete and unedited version of his story will appear in two volumes; the first, just published, covers his initial twelve months in office.

Mr. Truman tells of taking over the Presidency; and he recounts, among other things, his major international decisions, his Cabinet changes, and the vital home front matters involved in the conversion from all-out war to uncertain peace.

Adding an intimate personal touch are letters he wrote his mother and sister Mary back home, letters in which he related great events while giving filial advice on matters of family importance in Independence, Missouri.

Probably some readers will approach this book with a ready-made reaction. Mr. Truman's partisans will find renewed cause for pride, his critics new fuel for the fires of their indignation.

But it is a matter of historical significance when a President of the United States sets down his own record of his Administration; and I do not see how any thinking American can be indifferent to this work.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Memoirs by Harry S. Truman," Volume I: "Year of Decisions," is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Volume II: "Years of Trial and Hope," will appear early in 1956. Each volume sells for $5.00, but orders for the two volumes at $8.50 the set may be placed before December 31, 1955. See your own bookseller or any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops.

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Thank You, Mr. Molotov

NOW THAT the four Foreign Ministers are back in their capitals, each one busy explaining what was not accomplished at Geneva, the time has come, I think, to recognize how immensely profitable this conference can turn out to be—to the West. It has made compellingly clear that the Atlantic Community cannot long survive if the ties that hold it together remain of a solely military nature. For too long the diplomacy of the West, and particularly of our country, has been a carbon copy of its strategy; for too long our minds have been stultified by the notion that the paramount threat to our civilization lies in the impending march of Red divisions.

If the nuclear stalemate that was solemnly ratified at the summit meeting is not to end in our ruin, the Atlantic Community must counterbalance, with the kind of unity that befits free men, the massive, crushing unity of the Soviet bloc—a unity that is as many-sided as life itself, for it imposes the same totalitarian discipline on all activities of the subjugated peoples, from armament to economy to ideas.

To foil the further expansion of this totalitarian mass, the Atlantic Community must harmonize and synchronize the diplomatic and economic policies of the partner nations. Even before the last Geneva conference it was plain that each of these nations could contribute far more than armed men to the common cause. So for instance if German productive and technical skill is enlisted to bring economic progress to the areas in Africa and Asia where the West is most threatened, a far greater benefit can accrue to the Community and to the Germans themselves than from their twelve problematic divisions.

The Community will prove infinitely more cohesive and resilient when, by participating in it, each western nation finds a measure of relief from some of the major difficulties it cannot cope with alone—like unemployment, overproduction, or Communist subversion.

The setting up of two new SHAPES, one dealing with diplomatic, the other with economic matters, headed by men as good as Al Gruenther is in the leadership of the military SHAPE—all this cannot be postponed to an indefinite future. Molotov has made it plain that, for the Soviets, the spirit of Geneva means the methodical exploitation of domestic difficulties within each one of the Allied nations, with the candidly avowed intention of dismembering the Atlantic Community.

AT PRESENT, there is probably no domestic difficulty in any Allied nation with which the Soviet leaders are so hopefully concerned as the one that the American people have faced ever since the President fell sick and the campaign started in earnest. If the diplomacy of the United States is paralyzed during the next fifteen months, then the next President will be the creature most to be pitied among all the living.

The nation certainly cannot afford a repetition of what happened in 1952. At that time, in spite of the fact that the Republicans had as candidate the unchallenged symbol of national and interallied solidarity, they found it expedient to inject into the campaign reckless issues and slogans designed to establish the most radical difference between their foreign policy and that of the Democratic Administrations. In their platform they came out against "the negative, futile, and immoral policy of 'containment,'" pledged themselves to take "a dynamic initiative" in the conduct of foreign affairs, and of course promised "liberation" to all the peoples Communism had submerged. Their policies, the platform promised, "will inevitably set up strains and stresses within the captive world which will make the rulers impotent to continue in their monstrous ways and mark the beginning of their end."

The nation and the coalition are paying an exorbitant price for these pledges that the Republican Administration had to go through the motions of living up to. Now, if the danger to the nation were not so clear and present, the Democratic Presidential aspirants would be more than entitled to repay the Republicans in kind. Fortunately, it is difficult to imagine any of them yielding to this temptation. If damaging blows are inflicted on the Administration, they are likely to come from the Republican right wing.

Yet the national emergency demands something more of the Democratic aspirants than charity and forbearance. It demands even more than the patriotism the Republican candidates exhibited in 1940 and 1944 when they kept foreign policy out of politics. Now the nation faces something worse than a war—a dire emergency of unlimited duration.

The man will prove himself worthy to be our next Chief Executive who brings forth a program to make of the Atlantic Alliance a civil and not merely a military Community, and takes a hand in carrying this program through even while campaigning. The job cannot be put off to January 20, 1957.

THERE HAS NEVER been an election like the coming one, and never has there been so clear, if so cruel, a test by which the citizen can measure the fitness of the candidates.

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The Hidden America

Our untapped reservoir of ideas

MAX ASCOLI

From November 8 to 11, Marquette University in Milwaukee held a symposium on "From Disorder to World Order," the second of a series, in celebration of its seventy-fifth anniversary. The following is the keynote address which our Editor was invited to deliver under the title "The World Today."

IN OPENING these discussions, I hope I am not going too far afield from what the faculty planning committee expected of me if I tackle the subject I gratefully accepted to deal with—"The World Today"—in a less than global way. Rather than of the whole round world, I am going to speak about our world—which means our America. There is no more decisive element in the world, and certainly it is the one we can know best and act on. Moreover, it is the one for which we are responsible.

I assume you will agree with me that by so restricting the ground I am going to cover, I have not made the coverage itself less arduous or less controversial. It seems to me that before we start considering the causes that make for order and for disorder, we had better put our feet as firmly as we can on our home ground. In other words, let's look first at the forces operating in our midst and inside ourselves, and on the impact these forces bring to bear on the world outside.

Let me reassure you at once that you are not going to hear from me anything about "the image of America," the projection and the retouching of this image in the minds of men, just as you are not going to hear anything about "the war of ideas," "winning the peace," in fact not even a mention of that horrid metaphor "the cold war." It so happens that I have a philosopher's respect for thought-through ideas and for hard facts—a respect that, if anything, has been made even more militant during the last seven years by the exasperating job, day in and day out, of editing clichés out of other people's writing.

'The Dignity of Man'

It is exactly the set of ideas our country is supposed to stand for that has lately been the object of anguished scrutiny on the part of some of the most wide-awake, responsible American thinkers. To a certain extent, of course, this has been going on ever since our country was founded. In periodic cycles, as is the case with every comparatively new country, the presses have been sputtering out tomes by native or foreign writers on the meaning and the mission of America, America's coming—or not coming—of age, one or another turning point in its history, and the like. This time, however, there is something different.

We are not dealing here with sociological autobiographies of our nation. There is not any longer a search for the place that this phenomenon which is America can find among other national phenomena and civilizations. There is a widespread awareness now of the Atlas role our country has assumed. How or to what extent can it carry its crushing economic and ideological burden?

There is a sense both of urgency and of tragedy, to mention only a couple of instances, in what Russell Davenport had to say—in a hurry, for he knew he was dying—in his book *The Dignity of Man*. In the same way, there is a sense of tragedy in the latest book by Walter Lippmann, *The Public Philosophy*. Indeed, it can be said that Lippmann's anguished urge to state what he felt had to be stated, to set right what he felt was wrong, greatly contributed to mar the usefulness of his book.

What Davenport said is that the ideals America still insists on preaching to the rest of the world simply do not carry. They do not carry even in the countries of western Europe from which these ideas were imported in the eighteenth century. Our statesmen still go on proclaiming their devotion to the inevitability of progress, the inalienable nature of human rights, the sacredness of the human person, and so forth. It is the same language in which the Declaration of Independence was written. But to the most civilized and still friendly men in foreign countries these formulae sound archaic and quaint. If I may summarize Davenport, we speak an entirely private language, a sort of ideological Basic English composed of a constantly shrinking number of expressions that do not help us to maintain communications with the rest of the world.

We have become inarticulate, Davenport thought. "This inarticulateness," he wrote, "in the face of a great crisis, this inability to explain to others our most cherished goals, is the more baffling to us because, from childhood, we have been taught to believe that we are in possession of a valid and inspiring

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philosophy of man." And, "We discover that we cannot survive as a nation without sacrificing, but we cannot tell anyone why." Or, "The doctrine of progress exacts our labors, challenges our intelligence in countless enterprises, calls us to high and heroic efforts on the beaches of distant lands. But when we turn to ask the reasons for these challenges and exactions, we find ourselves in a dim and nihilistic world, through which we can find no path, because the optimistic tradition in which we have been reared has, in effect, denied its reality."

Like People Anywhere

Yet—and Davenport knew it—if all these ideals that America keeps propounding sound quaint or obsolete to the rest of the world, there is nothing quaint or obsolete, not even in the eyes of our worst enemies, about that gigantic fact which is America—the sheer miracle of this country's tumultuous conquest of ever-growing wealth and power. The rest of the world may wearily or smilingly dismiss our ideological symbols, particularly considering that they have been reduced to a small number of stereotyped hieroglyphics meant to decorate the balance sheet of the American economy. But there is no one—not anywhere in the world, certainly not in Moscow—inclined to dismiss the staggering record of that balance sheet. We are certainly misreading our times if we assume that the greatest influence that shapes the life of men comes from the Muscovite ideology, or from any other ideology for that matter. The greatest influence is still this fact that is America—this unsurpassed miracle of industrial technology, democracy, and capitalism. Of course, it has all been done under nearly perfect laboratory conditions, with virgin lands and a rich soil. But on the other hand, those who carried it out were men and women unmistakably like everybody else in the world, who did the job with an extraordinary economy of myths and legends and guiding stars.

How have the Americans done it? The insatiable curiosity to find this out can be truly considered as the major driving force of our times. All the great revolutions of our days can be considered, at least in part, attempts to imitate America according to distorted interpretations of how the Americans had done it. The revolutions have all been prompted

by the same compelling "Me too" and "Why not me?" Certainly the fact that is America obsessively haunts the Soviet leaders. Fascism, too, was a ruthless attempt to set up a spick-and-span, thoroughly mechanized society, with a system of automatic controls designed to condition the emotions and the dreams of men.

We hear talk all the time about Americanization as something for which our country is responsible. But if there has ever been an altogether spontaneous, irresistible trend throughout the world, it has been just this urge to do forcibly, full steam ahead, what came about here through haphazard spontaneity, prodigious labor, and luck. This mad rush toward Americanization can be found first of all in Russia, as well as in some of the newly independent countries eager to go through their own experiment with the industrial revolution. It can be found wherever the attempt is being made to establish uniform controls or national plans to speed up the process of production. All these forms of planning in foreign countries—nationalist, socialist, communist, or otherwise—are just the poor man's Americanism.

Our Built-in Checks

In only one country has the process of reckless Americanization been successfully slowed down. That country, of course, is America. It happened that the American people never quite reconciled themselves to bigness: They never quite abandoned the ingrained suspicion that there was in it the sinister evidence of conspiracy. They have also succeeded, up to our own times, in preserving huge zones of immensely decentralized, wildly pluralistic activity. The evidence can still be found, for instance, in the field of education, in our local or regional press, in our amazingly large number of religious denominations and sects, and in our stubborn attachment to local government.

But the best evidence of this American capacity to produce and nurture antibodies strong enough to check the impulse toward centralization and oversized bigness is to be found in our political parties. We have big business, big government, and big labor in our country, but still we have nothing even vaguely approaching big party. Our two parties—the only ones that really count—are extraordinarily elastic affairs. They acquire gigantic proportions in the months preceding Presidential elections. Whole floors of the best hotels in every American city are rented for party headquarters then, and a convulsive activity goes on there, aimed at reaching every conceivable real or fancied group—labor, veteran, foreign-born, every religious, neighborhood, or fraternal organization, and ultimately, every man or woman who can deliver a vote. After the elections, the newspapers carry big ads offering at super-bargain prices desks, leather chairs, typewriters, and filing cabinets that have been used for only a few weeks by professional or volunteer politicians. I must confess that to me the reading of those newspaper ads is a thoroughly enjoyable experience.

THIS EXTRAORDINARY American talent for compensating supereffiency in some fields with perpetuated chaos in some others has actually given great sturdiness to our body politic and has contributed to keep it free. Not only do we have, side by side, a redoubtably large Federal bureaucracy and no party bureaucracy worthy of the name; we also have the giant corporations of the General Motors or Dupont type and the struggling little stores in every block in our cities and along all Main Streets in our country. The Small Business Administration lists about 4,300,000 businesses in the United States, of which nearly four million can be classified as small.

We have a party system that has allowed us to skip what many Euro-

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peans consider "inevitable stages of historical development," like the growth of liberal or socialist or communist parties with mass followings. We have a business system in which trade unions have achieved power as businesses in their own right without any serious trace of class con-

sciousness. In spite of our composite racial stock, we have a national mind, in which the idea of the profit motive is so thoroughly ingrained that Marxism—that maniacal search for hidden motives behind every man's actions—actually never had a chance.

In a unique way, a number of immunities have been developed here that have succeeded in at least slowing down that regimentation or mechanization of society which characterizes so many forms of "Americanisms" abroad. But—and I must emphasize the "but"—all these immunities have been developed in a highly informal, somewhat secretive way, and are seldom if ever reflected in intellectual terms that foreigners or, for that matter, Americans themselves can rationally grasp. Mostly, these immunities have been communicated through habits or social rituals, without any prescription or formula that anybody at home or abroad could copy or analyze. No effort, however, has been spared to spread all over the world our message about rugged individualism, unlimited opportunities, and inalienable rights.

A Private Wisdom

This leads us straight back to the private language Davenport was complaining about. If what I have been trying to say is to some extent correct, it is not only the ideological language of America that is private, or for internal consumption only. The fact of America, too, with all its built-in immunities, its compensatory balances of meticulous order and buoyant chaos, is equally private and unfit to be defined, visualized, and communicated. This difficulty has been encountered both by foreigners and Americans. Yet it is a fact that with their incredible knack for finding their way in a livable middle course, with their avoidance of extremes—sometimes paradoxically realized by swinging brusquely from one extreme to another—the American people have developed a soundness, a wisdom, all their own. But this wisdom has remained such a secret, even to them, that it may well be lost without their knowing it.

Moreover, if the inner making of America is a secret that cannot be communicated to others, the fact of America is there for all the outside world to see. I say it again: It is a staggering fact. Seven per cent of the world's population contributes forty-one per cent of the goods and services produced in the world. Our automobile production in 1954 was seventy per cent of the total production in the world. All this leads to one conclusion: The very existence of America, with its fantastic potential for production and consumption and with the envy it arouses, is one of the major—to put it mildly—sources of unrest and probably of subversion in the world. This source of unrest and subversion doesn't lend itself easily to dikes and checks.

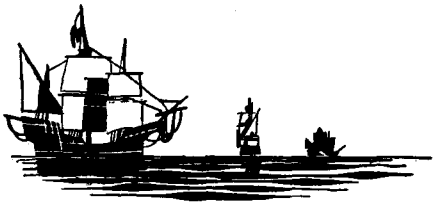
THERE is an unbalance between the fact that is America and our idea of it. The fact is rolling on its own, affecting and stirring all men on earth, irresistible yet turbid and secretive. The idea or ideas that should reflect it and make it available to others trail lamely behind, unappealing and somewhat incongruous. This unbalance, in my opinion, is one of the major causes of world disorder.

This means that the restoration of order must start in our own minds. In my opinion, it requires hard work by the professionals of analysis, reflection, and expression that are the intellectuals—and not pessimism and breast beating. Or at least I am not inclined to indulge in any breast beating myself. I happen to be a new American and therefore a neophyte of America. I also happen to be—and proudly—an intellectual. If enough of us American intellectuals see what the job to be done is, the unbalance is already on the way to being redressed.

The way to do the job, in my opinion, is to acquire a far greater, more articulate knowledge of the peculiarities of the American experience—of the reasons why it has been so secretive, of the inner wisdom that the American people possess to such an extraordinary degree but for some reason don't seem to be inclined to communicate in intelligible terms to the rest of the world—or even to themselves. In other words, I would dare to say that the secret for getting out of some of our most pressing troubles is that of the Delphic oracle: Know thyself --with the accent on the "know" and with the understanding that knowledge, to be effective, must be communicable.

Recrossing the Ocean

Since the end of the war, the need for communicating at least some bits of the American experience to the outside world has been felt in this country. It has been felt, however, in a rather philanthropic, do-goodish way, punctuated by more than a bit of impatience. So, for instance, foreign students and visitors-at-large have been invited in great numbers, out of a firm belief on our part that just by poking around, foreigners can learn what is good for them—and of course love us.



But no serious American since the end of the war could be so oblivious of our impact on the outside world and of the impact of the outside world on us as to believe that we could go back to a sort of blessed isolation—a contented, somewhat superfluous nation, dedicated to the production of the comfortabe superfluities of life. With the onrush of American assistance to the outside world, the offer of American patent medicines to cure the world's ills went along. It was a good beginning, yet it must be admitted that it was characterized by peculiar

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haste. With each program of American assistance considered as an end in itself, it was assumed that generous shots of dollars and Americanism vitamins would be enough to make our beneficiaries catch up with us, or at least stand on their own. Wasn't it clear that our institutions were a model to the world? Yet we had one disappointment after another.

So, for instance, our statesmen were greatly irked at the reluctance of the friendly European nations to adopt our own Federal system—rejecting even the cheapest possible way for them to start on that road: a European army that we would have largely subsidized. The thought did not occur to many Americans that the thirteen colonies were not exactly nations, and harbored next to nothing that could be called nationalism. Somehow it was found shocking that the undoubted improvement of the economic condition of the people of Europe, brought about at such a cost by the American government, did not immediately yield the expected result of strengthening their democracies. Even the representatives of American labor in Europe could not easily swallow the fact that once the workers were provided with fairly well-paid jobs, they would not abandon their class consciousness and become like their American brethren, just job-conscious.

I could go on for a long while, listing many more instances of the successive one-shot attempts to strengthen the rest of the world—or at least that part of it over which we could exert some influence by freely offering some fragments of American experience or, as the saying goes, know-how. But the major trouble with all our attempts to strengthen the rest of the world is that the American people have never been distinguished by a particular yearning to *know how* their own multinational experiment has turned out to be such a staggering success.

The Seed and the Crop

Take, for instance, the Federal system that we have tried to peddle without too much success on the European continent. We have described it to our European friends in the same way it is described in the textbooks on civics: a Federal Administration, with defined, limited powers, sovereign states, and, of course, master and arbiter of it all, the sovereign people, whose power is equally apportioned among no less sovereign individuals, each one protected by the sacred, inalienable rights enshrined in the Constitution. Actually, as we all know or should know, the reality is something quite different. The Federal system, as it has been developing ever since it was founded, is infinitely more complex, pluridimensional, and above all more original than the mechanism devised by the Founding Fathers.

True, it had to make room for new institutions of private government, like corporations and trade unions, which have carved out for themselves quite an unconventional slice of sovereignty. And true also, the responsibility of these institutions of private government toward the individuals whose destiny to a considerable degree they affect is still far from adequately or safely defined.

At the same time, it must be emphasized that the reciprocal balancing and checking on the part of independent and interrelated forces has been working with astonishing success. By far the largest number of these forces that somehow check and balance each other within the framework of the ever-expanding Constitution are of such a nature that the Founding Fathers could not even remotely have imagined. But obviously this only proves both the genius and the luck of those truly great men. So, for instance, it happens that the pressures of business, labor, and farmers somehow and sometimes manage to check and balance each other, as do the benefits that, in turn, they extract from the Federal government. Within our party system, a system that the Founding Fathers did their very best to prevent, we have the arrogance or greed of the professional politician periodically checked by the fear that the politically inactive bulk of the citizenry may, on Election Day, wake up.

Between the jurisdictions of the Federal and of the state governments there has been lately an outgrowth of interstate bodies and authorities, just as there have been independent authorities springing up within our ill-defined metropolitan areas—these huge sprawling agglomerates of twentieth-century living, sometimes verging on lawlessness because of the too many centers of government that endeavor to control them. Frequently the independent functional authorities become centers of baronial power that turn out to be more or less beneficial according to the personal ethics of the baron. There is no denying the fact that there are many more areas of feudal power in our country—in the agencies for the dissemination of news, for instance—than it is comfortable to admit. In the same way the usefulness of interstate authorities such as the TVA or the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority in New York cannot be questioned, whether or not they represent a form of creeping something—socialism or feudalism.

The Fundamentalist Fallacy

The growth of our Constitutional government is still, as it has been since the beginning, a very much unfinished business. In fact, at the present time there is quite a backlog of business whose settlement according to the spirit of the Constitution is badly overdue. All this proves that our Constitution has been working and has still an enormous amount of work ahead. It also proves that our Federal structure is very much more complex and delicately balanced than the hallowed blueprint of Federalism generally supposed to be our Constitution which we have been peddling in Europe.

The fact is, a striking similarity exists between the difficulties of our Constitutional growth at home and those that Europe—without benefit of a federal constitution—is painfully trying to overcome. In Europe, too, there is a strong tendency toward the formation of new functional authorities across national

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boundaries. One of these authorities —the European Coal and Steel Community at Strasbourg—is already in existence. It is a safe guess that if NATO is going to survive the Communists' constant hammering and evolve into something more than a purely military coalition, it will have to bring into existence some supranational authorities of the Strasbourg type.

For some reason we seem loath to admit the amazing record and many-sidedness of our Constitutional experience. We prefer to have it analyzed by ponderous if valuable research projects, whose many-volumed reports are to be found buried in the libraries. We keep talking about freedom of expression or of the press, and consider only a passing anomaly the existence of institutions that, while processing news and advertisements—sometimes even ideas—inevitably subject the right of free speech or free press to definite limitations. The limitations of these and similar rights are inevitable, provided a check can be exerted on those who benefit from this inevitability.

Fundamentalism, perhaps, is the proper word for the still-prevailing attitude toward our rights, freedoms, and liberties—each considered as the object of ritualistic worship, with little or no concern for the limitation to which every right has to be subjected if the citizens are to have in various degrees some enjoyment of them. Again, an immensely rich experience is both covered up and wasted by the prevailing use of pious clichés. The same can be said about our business system—that amazing combination of public controls and assistance, private government, and, sometimes, risk taking. The truth is that it works wonders, it is more and more resilient—and the most authoritative people still call it, of all things, a system of free, individual initiative.

Wanted: Ideas

Reluctance to generalize, a certain idiosyncrasy toward ideas, or diffidence toward those who are supposed to cultivate and practice the skill of articulating ideas—all these could be considered as related aspects of a harmless national foible were it not for two facts. The first is that this nation is the magnet of hope among free men and of hatred among those who keep men unfree—a double burden which, short of suppressing its own existence, this nation cannot shake off. The second is that it only needs to look inside itself to find both the ideas and the guidance free men need.

Moreover, at this very moment of our national history, the call for ideas is coming from everywhere, even from the most unsuspected quarters. This is not, if I may use such a soiled expression, just a new stunt of psychological warfare.

Since the Geneva summit conference—or perhaps even better since the atomic stalemate became equally clear to both sides—it has become imperative to find some substitute for force, or at least for the ultimate, suicidal type of force. The search has started for goals as well as for the military and nonmilitary techniques that may allow our nation to move toward these goals. Obviously, both goals and means demand the greatest possible harmonization of effort with the Allied nations. No such harmonization is conceivable unless there is a community of ideas with our Allies.

According to a recent dispatch in the New York *Times,* as different political personages as Admiral Radford, Vice-President Nixon, Chief Justice Warren, and Admiral Strauss have, within the span of a few days and with equal vigor, expressed this need for ideas. What all these men meant, I am sure, was not just some bright scheme or brilliant gimmicks, but some cohesive principle that might give greater self-confidence to America and a greater confidence in America among the peoples of our coalition. This requires hard and fearless thinking. But this nation must rid itself of the fear of ideas.

The Holy Tidbit

Fear of ideas invariably means fear of facts—the basic, hard facts of our national life, of the extraordinarily rich inheritance we have received, and of the world around us. Facts can never be ascertained, their impact cannot be tested and measured, the lesson and meaning which is in them can never be released unless we manage to collect and classify them according to definite criteria. These criteria for selecting, classifying, and testing facts are called ideas. They come to us from our past and are of course in constant need of being retested, rechecked on the ever-new happenings of the day. But without that constant work of reconciling past and present and of squeezing out of the present the limited, qualified message it carries in itself—unless this is done, we have no control over the facts. They, or rather the events of the day, control us and carry us along. We float then, rather than move deliberately in the pursuit of definite purposes.

A disturbing tendency has developed in this country during the last couple of generations: the habit of dignifying with the name "fact"—indeed, stubborn, irrefutable fact—every little happening of the day that somehow makes the news and lends itself to be clipped and filed away. They are all supposed to be born free and equal, each one entitled to a veto power on ideas and theories. This has led to a peculiar noncommittalism, which still prevails in our social sciences and has marred the

usefulness of so many of the expensive research projects in this field. It is a bit ironic and more than a bit sad that a number of these research projects and the social sciences in general have been lately indicted as somewhat subversive, while what's wrong with most of them lies in inconclusiveness and indecisiveness—again, fear of ideas and fear of facts. We have gone quite a long way in this country in the systematic, if perhaps half-conscious, attempt at preventing that process of theorizing, that reciprocal cross-fertilization of experience and of doctrine, which we need if we want—to use a common expression—to be on top of the events. Sometimes this sterilization of the thinking mind, this brain washing, is called by the name of a rather respectable social science: sociology.

I am talking of these anti-intellectual trends prevalent among professional intellectuals because I am

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aware of the honor I have been given in being invited to address an intellectual community. It is, of course, in the intellectual communities that the professional intellectuals must start shaking off the too-long-prevailing timidity toward both ideas and facts. If the work of redressing the balance between what I have called the fact and the idea of America does not start in the intellectual or academic communities, where else can it start?

Intellectuals—and Proud of It

Mine is a frank plea for respecting both facts and ideas, addressed to fellow intellectuals. We certainly cannot go on much longer with the situation Davenport deplored—with, on the one hand, hallowed ideas that are getting increasingly stereotyped and uncommunicable, and, on the other, the huge, mountainous accumulation of unorganized tidbits taken from newspaper clippings or statistics or public-relations press releases, and all called facts. Things have gone well beyond the point of national safety.

Mine is a plea for ideas, but not for ideologies. We do not need ideological binges in our country, or systematic attempts to force the hand of history for the sake of verifying historical predictions and reaching some perfect, immutable order of things. We certainly do not need glib, irresponsible splurges of theoretical inventiveness. All we need, as I said before, is to know ourselves, the immense experience of which we are the depositaries and the inheritors—if we only take the trouble to acquire a firm possession of it. At this particular time in our history there is nothing more urgent if we want to establish influential communication with the outside world.

IT IS DIFFICULT to conceive of a people better endowed than ours with the necessary ingredients making for world-mindedness and sophistication. The capacity so much admired in the British for establishing common denominators and enduring links among men of different nations and creeds has exhibited itself over territories far removed from the motherland and during a comfortably long period of time. Over here, on the contrary, the most reciprocally uncongenial groups have had to live, huddled together, in conditions of extremely uncomfortable and sometimes bloody friction. There was never any melting in any kind of pot; the expression is as silly as it is trite. Rather, the process of harmonization went on through hard collective bargaining—and with plenty of disharmonies left, which means crude differentials among citizens as to the actual enjoyment of their opportunities and rights. Yet it has been an amazing success story, one not just of coexistence among divergent groups but of collective creativeness. To draw full benefit from this success story, we must throw into the ash-can the melting-pot cliché and all that goes with it.

At the present moment in history, the immensely federal nature of our system of government makes it ideally fit to be the nucleus of a federation of independent, self-ruling governments, each one jealous of its own sphere of independence. It doesn't make much difference if what I have called a federation actually turns out to be not much more than a confederacy or a network of interlocked confederacies or commonwealths. What is important comes from the simultaneous existence of two conditions: the need among free people to close their ranks, and the capacity over here to contribute powerfully to the satisfaction of this need. For one, I believe that our country has this capacity.

The Time Is Ripe

Moreover, I want to add that the postwar situation, highlighted now by the post-Geneva emergency, comes at the right time—right for America and right for the outside world. America would have developed hopelessly ingrown and practically mute if it had not found the further continuation of its course and the realization of its identity in a broad assemblage of nations. I think it is literally true that America needs to articulate its inner experience and to share it with the Allied nations, just as the Allied nations themselves for their own self-preservation need the cohesive leavening that only America can give. To a very large extent, the growth of the Allied confederation or commonwealth is just one more step in that process of internal reform which started when this nation was founded. But of course at this stage we cannot hope to communicate with our associates by sign language or secretive hints. We must use persuasion, thought-out arguments, and ideas.

This means that at all relevant levels the work of interlacing national sovereignties—each one with its redefined, innerly balanced range of self-government—must start. In the same way, the establishment of supranational authorities or institutions to satisfy those needs which no nation by itself can cope with must also get under way. Incidentally, while doing all these jobs with others and for others, we can also, by using similar methods, satisfy urgent domestic exigencies. We do not need to go beyond our borders to realize how the institutions of self-government ought to be redefined, if the curse of overcentralization is to be avoided. Neither do we need to look at Europe as well-meaning though somewhat impatient planners of other people's institutions to

reach the conclusion that a new pattern of twentieth-century government is bound to emerge which will harmonize the old horizontal or geographical patterns of government with the new vertical and functional ones designed to satisfy specific supranational needs. We have a startlingly similar situation in our own country, at the interstate level.

Non Prevalebunt

All this, of course—like practically all I have been saying—implies the willingness on the part of our people to utilize the reservoir of experience they have in themselves. It implies an unabashed willingness—and not only among intellectuals—to deal with ideas, which are the only weapons we have to make a dent on facts.

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But there is no reason to be desperate or even pessimistic. We've got to hand it to our enemies: They have provided the American people with a superior education on foreign lands, even in the remotest spots of the globe, from Korea to Afghanistan, and with that education the awareness that we cannot take care of all those faraway troubles with one-shot operations, no matter whether they are called assistance plans or massive retaliation.

The idea is rapidly sinking in among us that we are in for an indefinitely long pull of American intervention in the affairs of the world—a kind of interventionism the like of which has never existed anywhere. Not even our enemies, assuming that there is I don't say honesty but intelligence in them, can seriously call it imperialistic.

My plea is for a greater degree of self-confidence and, in the truest sense of the term, self-consciousness, particularly among intellectuals. There has been too much despair around lately—and again, particularly among intellectuals. In that book I mentioned at the beginning, for instance, Walter Lippmann not only tried to cut down to size the concept of popular sovereignty—a job that Plato and Aristotle started some twenty-five centuries ago and that good men should do at least once every generation, particularly if they happen to believe in democracy. But Lippmann also tried to trace the date when things started going wrong in this world, to find the culprit—and there he got hopelessly lost in hopelessness. One does not know whether, for him, the wrong turning point was in 1917 or at the time of the French Revolution, or of the Reformation, or of Original Sin. He ends with a Manichaean conception of history which leaves the reader with the suspicion that the struggle between good and evil may well be over and evil has won.

I DON'T think that there is room for any such pessimism, and I don't think we have to attribute the responsibility for what is wrong to any past event, no matter how regrettable. I believe that the responsibility is only ours and that the time of the irrevocable wrong turn, if we fail to act, is now.

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
and
BERNARD DeVOTO

ERIC SEVAREID

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD is dead at fifty-nine of a heart attack. Bernard DeVoto is dead at fifty-eight of a heart attack. The horizon looks emptier to all American writers, and especially to those whose writings grow out of their times and are designed to influence their times in the large undertakings of first principles, human brotherhood, and the freedom of the eternal individual.

They were of the true professionals, these two writers. They were writers by instinct, by severe discipline, by habit, conviction, and the love of it; seat-of-the-pants and sweat-of-the-brow writers who knew writing for what it is—the hardest work in the world—and who worked and produced prodigiously. Any one of their successes would have satisfied lesser writers, but they had the habit of success because habitually they had something to say.

Sherwood and DeVoto were intensely American writers. They were in love with their country, its long story, and its long meaning. Rather they were in love with the best America, its natural and its fashioned beauties, the grandeur of its vistas and its ideas, with its generosity, its power, and its kindliness. With the worst America—its commercial rapacity and ugliness, its tolerance of bunkum and claptrap, its dreary uniformities, its petty tyrants and its preposterous little publicity saints—with these they were at war. No writer can fight that war and not make enemies.

Both Sherwood and DeVoto must have rejoiced at times in the enemies they made. For these were both tough men in the best sense of that adulterated word. They were perfectly willing to choose their side and take what consequences there might be. They started that way. Each was a combat soldier in the First World War—Sherwood was badly wounded — and they ended that way.

DEVOTO, indeed, might be described as downright pugnacious. He not only tolerated conflict, he seemed to enjoy it, to invite it. Certainly he was pugnacious on at least one matter: conservation of the natural beauties, the open spaces, and the wildlife of the American West from which he had sprung. Lose all this, he felt, mar it, cramp it, commercialize it, and America will lose something precious never to be found again. Americans themselves would never be quite the same again. Nor did DeVoto confine this special passion to God's gift across his wide Missouri. The last public fight this passion brewed concerned the rockribbed coast of Maine. He called it a "jerry-built, neon-lighted, overpopulated slum," and in Down East officialdom there was much flying of official fur.

The only outspoken men who applaud the recent and current attempts to restrict the speaking out of other men of other persuasions are those who haven't read the books. Sherwood and DeVoto had read the books and knew the eternal lesson therein, that he who tolerates suppression of others long enough will probably be suppressed himself. They knew that suppression comes of fear; and fear was as alien to them as a lifetime habit of facing the truth could make it.

THERE was spaciousness in their minds. So DeVoto responded to the sweep and spaciousness he saw in the West; so Sherwood responded to the sweep and spaciousness he saw in men like Roosevelt and Churchill.

Well, Sherwood and DeVoto are dead—too early—and the American space seems a little more cramped because of this.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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Saudi Arabia: Oil, Sand, and Royalties

RAY ALAN

A DAZZLE of Cadillacs and air-conditioned house trailers lay like a mirage along the waterfront. Aboard the docked tanker there was an incongruous flutter of headcloths and Bedouin robes. Bejeweled dagger sheaths and gold and silver baubles glowed and sparkled. Suddenly, like djinns released from a bottle, an army of tall, red-sashed Sudanese surged over the deck bearing mountains of food—fifty or sixty sheep roasted whole over charcoal and flanked by foothills of chickens and rice.

"By Salvador Dali out of M.G.M.," murmured the representative of Jedda's small British community. But there was a disarmingly puritanical touch, too, about Aristotle Socrates Onassis's Red Sea picnic. Soft drinks only were served; there was no smoking; and the only woman aboard, the captain's wife, was stowed below decks.

The tanker was a new one—the largest in the world—and had been named after the guest of honor, King Saud of Saudi Arabia. It was the first ever to fly the green-and-white Saudi flag, the first of a projected fleet of twenty-six or thirty that Mr. Onassis is to build up for a company owned by the Saudi royal family (the majority shareholders) and himself.

The new company has already been fortified by a royal decree guaranteeing it preference over the British and other tanker operators who carry about half the oil shipped from Arabia, and it will ultimately endeavor to capture as much as King Saud may deem politic from the tanker fleet of the Arabian-American Oil Company—the producing company—which carries the remainder. Aramco has been requested by the Saudi authorities not to increase its fleet over the 1953 level and not to replace obsolete vessels.

The new Onassis company's tankers will, moreover, ship "oil belonging to the Saudi government" free of charge. As their tanker fleet expands, the Saudis are expected to insist on taking increasing quantities of oil (valued at the cost of production) in lieu of royalties, and sell it on their own account in western

Europe. They will not be so foolish as to try to undercut the big western companies, of course; they will be content merely to sell at the prevailing market price and pocket the immense direct profit which their exemption from transport and other overhead costs will ensure.

WHAT DISTURBS western oil men about the Saudi-Onassis alliance is that it seems certain to push up the Saudis' total income from oil to a point several notches above the fifty-fifty profit-sharing level prevailing throughout the region. The moment it does so, the other major oil-producing countries of the Near East are likely to put in claims.

King Saud is no Mossadegh, eager to tear up concession agreements and dispossess western concessionnaires. He poses at times, for obvious political reasons, as something of a nationalist hothead, and has accused the U.S. State Department of trying to drag the Arabs into big-power tiffs that are none of their concern; but he has no quarrel with American oil men. He has too appreciative a palate for golden eggs to wish to devour the goose that lays them. Aramco's four constituent companies (Standard Oil of California, Standard Oil of New Jersey, the Texas Company, and Socony Vacuum) not only finance a gold-plated welfare state for himself and his numerous relatives; they maintain most of such public services as exist for his humbler subjects. The Saudi monarch merely happens to need cash.

Royalties for Royalty

Twenty years ago, under the late King Abdul-Aziz ibn-Saud, the royal treasury ticked along adequately on an income of half a million dollars a year. Today, under King Saud ibn-Abdul-Aziz, his son, $260 million (the 1954 figure) is barely sufficient. Expenditure has outrun revenue at least twice in the last few years, whereupon the Saudi Administration was obliged to borrow from Aramco on account of future royalties, pile up debts with local merchants, and leave its employees unpaid for as long as six months.

Yet ninety per cent of Saudi Arabia's four or five million inhabitants are still unaffected by the oil bonanza. They still lead the same harsh, abysmally austere existence that nature has imposed upon them for centuries. It is not upon them that the kingdom's ephemeral millions are being lavished. King Saud, for his part, is head of the puritanical Wahabi sect, which enforces not only the usual Islamic proscriptions, such as those on alcohol and ballroom dancing, but frowns on tobacco, music, personal adornment, movies, and even illustrated magazines. He recently announced that foremen in Aramco's oilfields would be held responsible for leading their laborers in the principal daily acts of worship, and authorized the revival of the Ikhwan patrols—"vigilantes" drawn from Wahabi fra-

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ternities—that terrorized Arabian communities lukewarm in their acceptance of his father and of Wahabism during the 1920's and 1930's.

These patrols, composed of fanatical tribesmen, are authorized to punish on the spot behavior which they consider offensive to Wahabi tenets. Arabs discovered breaking the Ramadan fast or drinking alcohol are manacled and taken into custody without ceremony. The patrols are not, of course, allowed access to the real centers of anti-Wahabism in Arabia—the palaces and haunts of the Saudi princes, in which the state religion is a joke and where alcohol, movies, and unveiled houris clad in Paris fashions hold nightly court.

IN THE FORMATION and consolidation of the Saudi kingdom, the bed was as important as the battlefield. The late king forged links of kinship between himself and every major Bedouin chieftain in his realm by taking a wife from every important tribe. Most of his hundred-odd political marriages lasted no more than a few days, since Moslem law forbids a man to have more than four wives at a time, but the sons they produced were all endowed from birth with princely offices.

Today there are more than three hundred male members of the royal family on Saudi Arabia's "civil list," and since most of them have little to do other than scour the Near East for wives and concubines, they are breeding faster than any other section of the population. An emir who can by any stretch of his imagination claim to be in government service (the senior government posts are reserved for members of the royal family) receives $360,000 a year plus the upkeep of his residence, cars, and servants, with extra allowances if he goes abroad. An unemployed emir is allocated $36,000 plus upkeep costs and traveling allowances.

Extravagance and Corruption

The royal housing problem and related requirements have swallowed up $50 million in Riyadh, the capital, alone since euphoria set in. With the construction of his new palace at Jedda, the total of King Saud's residences is being brought to twenty-four. The Dutch Orientalist Daniël van der Meulen, former Netherland's Minister to Saudi Arabia, has expressed the opinion that the reckless boring of wells for palace and harem fountains and royal pleasure gardens is perilously squandering the country's limited reserves of underground water. Vast sums have been salted away abroad, notably in real estate, by leading members of the royal family. Newspapers and magazines in the other Arabic-speaking states are subsidized lest they publicize the royal family's depredations.

This extravagance had already become a byword in the Arab world as the reign of the late King Abdul-Aziz ibn-Saud was drawing to its close. Since his death it has taken on not merely added dimensions but an added significance. Its basic character has changed.

King Abdul-Aziz was a self-made monarch. Partly because he had created his own kingdom, his authority was unchallenged. He was as generous and as careless of financial details as only a strong, completely self-confident ruler dare be. It was because his generosity and hospitality had bankrupted him, in spite of his revenue from the annual Mecca pilgrimage, that in 1933 he granted the oil concession which opened his kingdom to Aramco.

There was little corruption in Saudi Arabia when the old king was at the height of his powers, for the simple reason that it was largely unnecessary. Those around him could have what they wanted for the asking. Corruption on something approaching the Levantine - Egyptian scale crept in only when his age, and the mounting complexity of administering ever-rising oil royalties, obliged Abdul-Aziz to delegate responsibility to his elder sons and court officials.

King Saud enjoys neither the prestige nor the authority of his father. Arab tradition does not recognize primogenitary succession. Near Eastern rulers have taken to conferring the title "crown prince" on the eldest son, and naming him as succeessor only in deference to western advice and example. Therefore the eldest son's position is not unchallengeable. It depends primarily on the acquiescence and good will of his many brothers and on the loyalty of the more powerful sheiks.

Consequently, the present king's generosity to his family and the sheiks is not, like his father's, the natural largess of a firmly based ruler who can take everyone's loyalty for granted, but part of a deliberate, uneasy, calculating policy to purchase and retain their allegiance. It flows from weakness rather than strength; and, lest anyone be tempted to outbid him, the allowances and subsidies must constantly be increased. Hence his need to insure himself against a freeze or regression of oil royalties by going along with Mr. Onassis in the tanker business.

Similarly, in order to avoid making unnecessary enemies, the king is obliged to tolerate a degree of corruption in courtly circles that astounds even hardened Lebanese and Egyptian observers.

Security Forces

But lavish allowances and corruption are not the only strains imposed on King Saud's treasury and peace of mind. His father was aided by Arabia's backwardness and remoteness from the rest of the Near East, and by its lack of an articulate middle class (the revolutionary class in the Arab world). At the same time, his authority and shrewdness enabled him to find Koranic or traditional justification for such innovations as he desired to introduce.

Radio, for example, aroused the ire of religious dignitaries both on account of its music and because it is not authorized by the Koran. Abdul-Aziz called them together at an hour when Radio Cairo broadcast a daily Koran recital and switched on his set. "Would you condemn an instrument that speaks the Holy Word of God?" he asked. There

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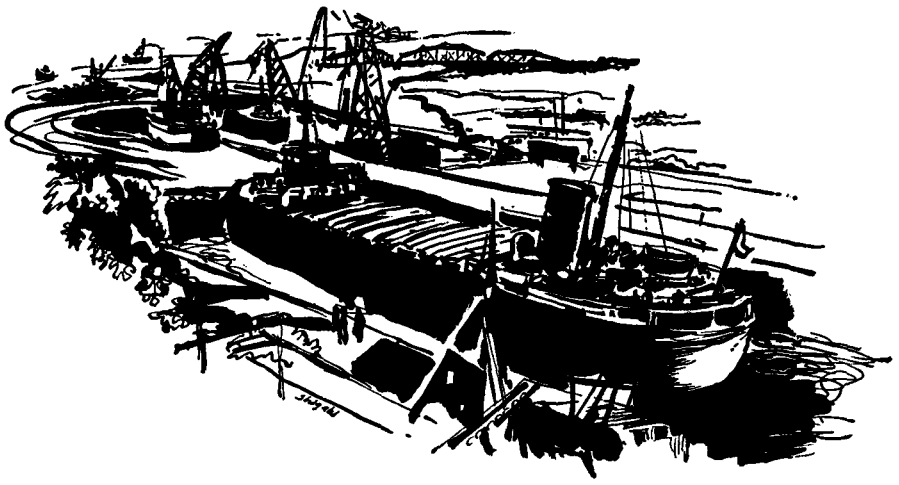
were no further complaints. This satisfied traditionalists and pleased what few modernists there were in the kingdom.

Nowadays the oil areas and towns of Arabia are being swamped with material manifestations of the western way of life; they are beginning to be exposed even to its most unsettling social and political influences. A distinct middle class is taking shape as merchants enriched by royal expenditures and their Beirut- or Cairo-educated sons, army officers, government officials, doctors, and Aramco-trained technicians acquire numerical and social importance and, reacting against their underprivileged political status, draw together. The tempo of change alone would frustrate any attempt by King Saud to emulate his father's reconciliation of past and present, even if his temperament and personal prestige qualified him to make one. He has learned to take technical progress in his stride; but, unable to attune himself to the social evolution it provokes, he is endeavoring to buttress the eroding foundations of his régime with the best security forces money can buy.

About $30 million was spent on the Saudi Army in 1954, and this



tween 1952 and 1954 they were allotted $10 million, and agriculture and other developmental spheres $13 million—though whether these sums were really spent is not known because such figures as the Saudi authorities release cover only estimated, not actual, expenditure. Education and development funds are among the first to be raided when cash is short.

In mid-June this year it was announced in Riyadh that the majority of young Saudi Arabians studying abroad were being recalled and that all girls' schools—of which there were only a few, opened re-

in the streets of Riyadh, and several hundred would-be reformers are reported to be in jail. The strike of thirteen thousand Saudi oil-field workers at the end of 1953, after the palace had forbidden them to form a trade union and arrested a number of their leaders, was broken only because non-Saudi Arab workers, afraid of deportation, stayed at their jobs. It marked the beginning of a new epoch in a land where the penalty for disobedience of a royal command is still decapitation.

THERE IS, of course, little danger

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Can Mao Collectivize Half a Billion Farmers?

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

A FEW WEEKS AGO, on October 11, the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China decided to embark firmly upon the collectivization of farming. The decision was taken after an internal controversy which had been resolved by Mao Tse-tung in an address delivered to party secretaries on July 31 but kept secret until well along in October. This decision is a momentous event, and its consequences will occupy China, Asia, and the world at large for decades to come. China's "second revolution" has begun. By its scale alone it dwarfs even the Soviet collectivization of the early 1930's.

The Prodigious Schedule

A few plain figures indicate the magnitude of the task Mao's government has set itself. Since the land reform of 1950-1952 China has had about 110 million small farms, with a farming population of over 500 million, five times as numerous as the Soviet peasantry before collectivization. Our imagination, accustomed to the European or the American scale of social developments, staggers when we consider that this enormous segment of humanity is to be collectivized, and to have its conditions of existence completely revolutionized within this decade.

By June, 1955, 17 million small holdings (with a population of about 75 million) had already been merged in 650,000 co-operative farms. But the tempo is to be speeded up. Before the fall of 1956 another 16 or 17 million small holdings are to be similarly merged. By the spring of 1958 not less than one-half of the peasantry—250 million people on 55 million holdings—are to have been transferred from private to co-operative farming, and within the following two years up to 1960, collectivization is to embrace the whole of the peasantry.

WHAT INDUCES or compels the Chinese Communist Party to embark upon this prodigious and immensely risky undertaking?

Mao Tse-tung has set out some of the reasons, and they are familiar from the Russian experience. China's supplies of food and raw materials, he said, are highly inadequate, especially if China is to carry out its plans of industrialization and also support its swelling industrial and urban population. The primitive and backward mode of farming characteristic of the present tiny small holdings does not lend itself to a great increase in agricultural output. As in Russia in the 1920's, a cleavage has developed within the peasantry between the minority of wealthy peasants—"wealthy" by Chinese standards—and the vast majority of the poor. The government is increasingly dependent on the wealthy farmers for the supply of raw materials and of food to the towns, and in this unwelcome dependence it senses a potential threat

both to itself and to its newly socialized industry.

Mao spoke also about the strain imposed by a dense and rapidly growing population on the limited resources of cultivated land. China has at present only half an acre of tilled land per inhabitant, and in the southern provinces not more than one-fifth or one-sixth of an acre. Plans are laid for the opening up and colonization of about 75 million acres of virgin soil by the mid-1960's. But this can be no more than a palliative in a country like China, whose population increases in a single decade by more than 100 millions, or the equivalent of the combined populations of Great Britain and France. Rapid mechanization and modernization of agriculture—which to Marxists imply large-scale farming—are a matter of life and death.

The Horrible Example

Mao has repeatedly referred to the experience and the success of Soviet collectivization, but his speech shows that he is haunted by the nightmares of that experience. He well remembers the Russian peasants' bitter resistance to collectivization, the great slaughter of cattle, the disastrous Russian harvests and famines, and the tense and bloody antagonism between Stalin's government and the peasantry. He is evidently anxious to avoid a repetition of such calamities in his country, and has launched collectivization in a spirit very different from Stalin's. Daring though Mao's scheme is, he is extremely prudent about the manner of its execution, and he is moderate in tone. He does not call for the "liquidation of the kulaks as a class." He insists, on the contrary, that the wealthy peasants must be permitted to carry on just as they did before.

He speaks in fact about the "co-operative farm" with all its connotations. In almost every passage of his address he dwells on the principle of voluntary collectivization. The peasant should join the co-operatives without compulsion, and he must also be completely free to contract out of it, says Mao.

THE SIZE of the Chinese co-operative farm is to be much smaller than that of the Russian kolkhoz. As a rule it is to contain only about twenty-five small holdings, so that the peasant will not feel lost and submerged in it. Collectivization is to proceed through three stages: At first, "brigades of mutual assist-

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ance" are to be formed. In these the peasants are to help each other to till their fields, without surrendering any of their possessions. Next will come the "semi-socialist co-operatives." At this stage the peasant is expected to surrender his plot of land to the co-operative, but he is to retain ownership of cattle, agricultural implements, etc. These are to become the property of the "full-fledged socialist co-operative" which is to be formed at the last stage, and even then the peasants are to be allowed to possess private vegetable gardens or small orchards.

These gradations are supposed to smooth the transition for the peasants. By 1960, when the whole peasantry is to be collectivized, the "semi-socialist" rather than the "fully socialist" co-operative will predominate. Stalin began his collectivist drive by hitting the peasant on the head and confiscating his cattle and agricultural implements. Mao's much subtler design resembles schemes once advanced in Russia by anti-Stalinist groups, with whom Mao saw eye to eye in the 1920's.

Carrot or Stick?

But will Mao be able to carry out so gigantic a revolution bloodlessly and with the peasantry's consent? The great weakness of his scheme is that, like Stalin, he is trying to collectivize farming before the technical equipment—the tractors and modern implements necessary for large-scale farming—is available. This equipment, he says, cannot become available in sufficient quantities before the 1960's, when industrialization will have progressed under China's third and fourth Five-Year Plans. Thus, he concludes, it will take from twenty to twenty-five years before the socialization of farming is completed and consolidated.

During most of that time, however, China's agriculture will of necessity forfeit some of the advantages of small-scale farming, but will enjoy only very few of the advantages of large-scale farming. Will the peasants become restive in the meantime? And will Mao, despite his present prudence, attempt to break their resistance in the Stalinist manner by means of forcible collectivization?

These questions have indeed been raised in the inner councils of the Chinese Communist Party. Mao himself says that he has had to deal with two groups of opposition. One group, like that of Bukharin and Rykov in Russia, has been fearful of the undertaking, and has urged a much slower tempo of collectivization—Bukharin's "snail's pace." The other group has pressed Mao to adopt the Stalinist method right away, and has argued that collectivization is a surgical operation which cannot be carried out in installments. The mere threat of it, this group holds, is sure to antagonize the peasants and to throw the country into turmoil. Consequently, the quicker and the more ruthlessly the job is done, the better. Mao has rejected this advice. It remains to be seen whether his own scheme will work.

'Softly, Softly . . .'

The collectivization drive is bound to have far-reaching consequences in the international field. These can only be briefly indicated. China will need vast quantities of farming machinery. Russia and East Germany will be able to meet only a fraction of the demand. It used to be said that if every Chinese decided to wear shirts one inch longer, that would be enough to keep Lancashire's cotton industry employed for years. China's demand for agricultural machinery could keep the world's manufacturers of such machinery busy for a very long time to come. If ever there can be such a thing as an inexhaustible market, here it is—in theory. But to what extent, in practice, can China pay for imports? Could it obtain agricultural machinery from the West on credit? Peking's rulers probably do not have many illusions on this score. But it would be surprising if they did not try to sound out western countries and make some fairly big deals in the next few years.

The developments in China are bound to have tremendous repercussions throughout Asia. If, through bloody suppression, Mao's government were to alienate the peasantry, whose support has so far been the main source of its strength, then Communist China would cease to exercise its present fascination on neighboring nations, and its prestige would slump throughout Asia. If, on the other hand, gradual and bloodless collectivization were to prove possible, then China's attraction would be immensely enhanced. In any case, for about twenty years all the country's energies will be absorbed in the domestic upheaval, just as Russia's were in the 1930's. For this reason caution and prudence are most likely to govern China's foreign policy during this long and critical period.

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Toward a New Strategy Of Graduated Deterrence

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

GENEVA

MR. MOLOTOV can be very helpful at times. After the months of soul searching in the Cabinets and editorial rooms of the free world about the true essence of the Geneva spirit, he has been at considerable pains here to clarify the Russian interpretation of it. Whatever peaceful vistas the phrase may have opened up for the hopeful public opinions of the democracies, to Moscow it has a narrow and specific definition—the ratification at the highest level of the fact that it is no longer possible for either the United States or the Soviet Union to conceive of trying to destroy the other.

Mr. Molotov went out of his way to ensure that the West understood this didn't imply the dawn of an "era of good feeling." He placed a wreath of withered invective upon the grave of a reunified Germany. Indeed the whole Russian attitude here bespoke an increased sense of confidence that if Russia withholds its agreement long enough, the West Germans will lose their patience with their NATO allies and pay most of the Russian price for reunification. On so simple a matter as the improvement of trade and cultural contacts between East and West, the Russians used every device of obscurantism to thwart progress. On disarmament the same circular argument about whether an effective system of control should precede disarmament itself and the abolition of nuclear weapons was no more than inspected and returned to its familiar gyrations in the United Nations subcommittee.

It is true that the Geneva spirit greatly improved the manners of international diplomacy. But the Russians, by deliberately upsetting the whole delicate house of cards in the Middle East before the second Geneva conference opened, made it very plain how they intended to use the time they had gained. It was in vain that Israel's Foreign Minister, Moshe Sharett, pleaded with Molotov that in the context of the Geneva spirit he should restrain the supply of Czech arms to Egypt. It was equally vain for John Foster Dulles and British Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan to point out to him the dangers of the course upon which Russia had embarked in the Middle East.

Russia's Opportunity

Molotov shrugged off the whole affair. What he might brutally but reasonably have asked his interlocutors was whether they understood the *realpolitik* in which they both profess to have been practitioners for years. For a power that is dedicated, under highly intelligent leadership, to the collapse of capitalism, there would be no point in acknowledging the existence of a strategic stalemate with one's principal adversary if from this stalemate there did not emerge new opportunities for tactical initiative—in the present case shifting the scene of action to areas where the interests of the West are not sufficiently vital to make the response of total war inevitable or even likely. Détente at the center, the Russians have candidly pointed out by "deeds not words," simply means their determination to continue an aggressive foreign policy—short of nuclear war.

The achievements of the "summit" meeting still stand. It is an immense gain that the United States and Russia should recognize that each has the power to destroy the other, and should be able to make each other understand that for no mere difference of ideology will either risk bringing destruction upon itself. But to imagine, as most of us were tempted to, that the acknowledgment of a stranglehold upon each other's throats might lead to the beginning of a more constructive relationship between East and West, has proved for the moment at least to be a delusion.

For the fallacy was that the Russians had decided that they must negotiate and co-operate with the West because a state of over-all military stalemate had been reached. In fact what had been reached, as the Russians recognized more clearly than we, was a state of strategic stalemate that left them with the tactical initiative—a new freedom to use their overwhelming superiority in the form of much larger conventional forces than the West is prepared to support, and to nibble away at the periphery of the free world.

What the Foreign Ministers' conference demonstrated, therefore, is that reliance on one strategic weapon—the hydrogen bomb—is now outdated and that there is the most urgent need to discuss some means by which the West can make itself tactically stronger than it is today. The words "massive retaliation" and "ultimate deterrent" have a deceptive ring of effectiveness about them. The decision of the Truman Administration to develop the atomic bomb to its fullest potentiality was based on the assumption that only if the United States had superiority in nuclear weapons could the Communist world be deterred from using its great superiority in land and other conventional forces to commit aggression against Europe and the rest of the world. It was a policy long before Secretary Dulles gave it a name or it acquired a Churchillian gloss about safety being the sturdy child of terror. To the extent that it has never been put to the test of a Russian attack on any of the vital strategic areas of the West, it has been successful. But as a deterrent to minor aggression it has twice been compromised. In the winter of 1950 the United Nations decided that it would take the risk of losing the war in Korea rather than see it develop into a general conflict with Russia as a consequence of authorizing the United States to retaliate with atomic weapons against Chinese intervention. In 1954 the Eisenhower Administration decided that it would accept the loss of Dienbienphu and northern Vietnam rather than use the ultimate deterrent to arrest

(*Continued on page 26*)

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the defeat of conventional forces in Indo-China.

Depreciated Deterrent

There were sound reasons in each case for holding back, but as Denis Healey, one of the ablest minds on foreign affairs in the House of Commons, wrote in a recent issue of *Encounter*: "It cannot be denied that the deterrent value of atomic striking power has seriously depreciated through the West's proved reluctance to use it. From the experience of the last five years, it would appear that a general threat of atomic retaliation may well invite the Communists to probe western intentions by local military adventures."

Moreover, if in recent years moral and political scruples have prevented the United States from using its advantage in nuclear weapons, it is even less likely that they will be used when the West no longer has the advantage in atomic weapons. Strategically (though not technically) the development of the hydrogen bomb by the United States and Russia (and latterly Britain) has largely canceled out the advantage of the United States in having a much larger stockpile of atomic bombs. General Nathan F. Twining in a recent speech made no 'bones about the speed with which Soviet air power—strategic power—is overhauling the American lead, and the amount of money and energy now being devoted to continental air defense is indicative of the reality of its threat. Moreover, Soviet development of the intercontinental ballistic missile may be as far advanced as that of the United States.

The fact that the ultimate deterrent to aggression will soon be fully reciprocal does not necessarily diminish the value of "massive retaliation" as a means of deterring Russia from attacking any other of those countries or areas that are so vital to the survival of the West—the United States itself, Britain, France, the Ruhr, and the overseas bases of the Strategic Air Command, to name the most important. Russia knows that for these the West will risk its own survival.

The problem in the age of mutual deterrence—and it is one to which few politicians seem to have addressed themselves—is how to prevent Russia from gnawing away at less vital areas for which it knows the West is not prepared to risk self-annihilation. The paradox is that when the United States had a clear superiority in atomic weapons and aircraft, injudicious threats of massive retaliation by Republican politicians and Air Force generals encouraged neutralism among its smaller allies. Now the fact that the threat is reciprocal may encourage neutralism in Britain and the United States. To quote Denis Healey again: "If, in 1951, Europeans were prepared to abandon South Korea rather than themselves risk being occupied by the Red Army, how can we take it for granted in, say, 1961, that Americans would not prefer to see Europe occupied by the Red Army rather than themselves risk thermonuclear annihilation?"

THIS VIEW may do less than justice to the disinterested courage of many thoughtful Europeans. Take for instance the case of Denmark, the NATO country that guards the exit of Russia's rapidly growing submarine force into the North Sea. The approaches to Denmark from East Germany are at present very lightly guarded by ground and air forces, and will continue to be so until the West German divisions are formed. In theory the whole of the NATO area will be defended by all the NATO powers. But suppose that in a few years' time Russia decided to move against Denmark in order to acquire greater naval mobility. Would the larger western powers then risk the annihilation of not only London and Paris but New York and Chicago by retaliating massively against Moscow and Leningrad?

Overemphasis on massive retaliation is already beginning to have certain noticeable political effects in Europe. Quite apart from Turco-Greek bickerings or the withdrawal of French forces to North Africa, NATO is going through a period of considerable strain and difficulty because defense costs are rising so rapidly. The bill for maintaining the divisions and other conventional forces contributed by each member is going up all the time. Why, ask the average Finance Minister of a NATO country and the voters who put him in office, should we strain ourselves to provide conventional forces when we are told that the security of the West depends upon our ability to drop hydrogen bombs on Russia? Why, the Germans ask, should we raise twelve divisions (for which the bill is now going to be much higher than was originally supposed), when it is hard to see what their role will be? The fact is that mutual deterrence makes the supporting of strong tactical forces difficult just at the time when there is the most vital need of them.

'Measured Retaliation'

For these reasons there has been growing in the last year or so an increasingly influential body of opinion in favor of what is called "graduated deterrence" or "measured retaliation." Though the solutions differ, the problem to which they are addressed is the same: to redress the tactical balance of power with Russia by demonstrating our ability and readiness to oppose Communist aggression wherever it is applied, without making an exchange of hydrogen bombs the automatic concomitant of a resort to force. More simply, the attempt should be made to develop out of the balance of force some rules of war for the nuclear age so that war may be confined to the battlefield—in the interest of both sides.

The men trying to think their way through this problem are not starry-eyed idealists. The best-known advocate of graduated deterrence is Canadian Foreign Secretary Lester Pearson, who in a lecture at Princeton last April delivered a strong warning against the "all-or-nothing" habit of thought on which massive retaliation with the hydrogen bomb is based. In the United States, Colonel Richard Leghorn, a distinguished expert on aerial photography and reconnaissance, has pointed out in several articles this year the growing dangers of dependence on massive retaliation, and has recommended that the West should undertake to refrain from the use of the H-bomb unless the bomb is used against the West, and that ways of distinguishing between civil and military targets should be studied. In Britain, which has more to lose from a policy of massive retaliation

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than any other first-class power, the most articulate exponent of graduated deterrence is Rear Admiral Sir Anthony Buzzard, who until last year was director of naval intelligence at the Admiralty.

Four Arguments

Admiral Buzzard's thesis is that in view of the continuing deadlock between East and West on disarmament and the growing dread of the hydrogen bomb, the West should seize the initiative "by announcing our future intention of pursuing the moral principle of never using more force than necessary." He wrote recently in the Manchester *Guardian*: "To this end we might declare a distinction between the tactical and strategic use of nuclear weapons. Tactical use, we might say, we consider as confined to atomic weapons and as excluding even these from targets in centres of population. Strategic use we might declare as including hydrogen weapons and any nuclear attack on targets in centres of population. Next, without being too specific, we might state generally that we would reserve strategic use as a last resort. Ultimately we might even renounce strategic use unless the aggressor resorted to it. . . . Such steps could be taken without waiting on any agreement with the Communists."

Admiral Buzzard has been arguing for the substitution of graduated deterrence for massive retaliation on four grounds:

Moral. That it is essential if the West is to neutralize the continuing Russian and Chinese superiority in manpower to use our continuing superiority in tactical atomic weapons in the event of local aggression. But there is no justication for—indeed there is a sense of guilt at—the prospect of using hydrogen or big atomic bombs against cities.

Political. That as well as being brutal, massive retaliation alienates neutral opinion, particularly in Asia. Moreover it inhibits the West from contemplating the use of force to resist local aggression by leading to "great-power neutralism."

Military. Graduated deterrence conforms to the basic military principle that one should concentrate on the enemy's armed forces rather than his people. Massive retaliation makes nonsense, he argues, of the West's superior tactical atomic power, for it prevents us from using it to help stop Communist aggression wherever it may occur, without inviting reprisals on our more vulnerable selves.

Economic. At first sight, massive retaliation appears to offer an opportunity for economy in defense because it bases deterrence on less aircraft, manpower, and matériel than is needed for tactical defense. It was on budgetary grounds that General Ridgway was defeated in

his attempt to create a mobile "fire brigade" to prevent a repetition of the Dienbienphu debacle. But in fact the bill for an effective system of air and civil defense against the hydrogen bomb is very high, as the United States is discovering. And though such a system can provide only a very marginal protection for our cities and ports, we must build one if the Communists are to take seriously our threat of massive retaliation in the event of their aggression. If we of the West really believed in our hearts that we would use massive retaliation to deter any aggression, we could abolish our armies and most of our navies. It is because we are not sure that we are going to use it that we try to maintain both large tactical forces and strategic forces, thus loading ourselves with heavy defense budgets.

The Arguments Against

The feasibility of a policy of graduated deterrence is not accepted at present by any western general staff (including SHAPE), nor by many people who are worried by the implications of massive retaliation. There are three main arguments against it.

The first is the soldier's—that a commander cannot confront the enemy with his hands tied and that he must have every available weapon at his disposal. This is the weakest of the three because the plain fact is that a decision to use a weapon of the destructive power of the hydrogen bomb is, and must always remain, political. Although the strategic plans of SHAPE are now predicated upon the use of tactical atomic weapons in support of its forward strategy, I doubt whether the political leaders of NATO would dare authorize the use of even the smallest and most accurate atomic weapon to hold up a surprise attack by Russian land forces in Europe, because of the popular assumption fostered by the doctrine of massive retaliation that to use any weapon involving nuclear reaction rather than cordite would mean the beginning of the end of civilization.

The second question is whether the deterrent, because of being graduated to the scale of the aggression, would lose some of its power to deter. This is a very hard question because it involves an assessment of whether, by the determined use of tactical atomic weapons, the West can compensate for the superiority of Russian land power without recourse to strategic bombing. On this the experts differ. The only thing that can be said is that at present the American stockpile of atomic weapons (though not necessarily hydrogen bombs) is much larger than the Russian. If a clear decision to concentrate on tactical weapons could be taken, it is difficult to see why this lead could not be maintained.

Distinguishing Targets

Finally, there is the thorny problem of establishing and maintaining the distinction between "strategic" and "tactical" targets. As the London *Economist* has pointed out, ". . . the undertakings that would be given under a policy of graduated deterrence would not be absolute promises, but conditional ones. In view of the fog of war and the paramount importance of speed, could much reliance be placed on promises not

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to do something unless the other fellow did it first?" Moreover, while it might be possible—though by no means easy—to draw a distinction between civil and military targets in America or Russia, it would be much harder in crowded countries like Britain or Belgium. Even if an informal understanding could be established that in the event of war only targets in the "war zone," say fifty or a hundred miles behind the enemy's front line, would be attacked with atomic weapons, would that prevent an attempt to destroy submarine bases in Russia? How can one distinguish between civil and military targets for cities like Portsmouth or San Diego that are centers of population and also great naval ports?

These are the arguments that restrain the military and diplomatic planners from exploring the subject further. But no matter whether generals and statesmen like it or not, the debate on the future of deterrence and retaliation will certainly grow in volume and importance. For under the stress of the nuclear arms race, the need is urgent to rid ourselves of that twentieth-century heresy "total war," and of the idea that the object of war is victory, not peace. « »

When Coconuts Dropped On the G.O.P.

PHILIP WOODYATT

HONOLULU

Queen Liliuokalani, the last reigning monarch of Hawaii, lived in an architectural curiosity known as Iolani Palace—a structure conceived by her predecessors as the tropical version of a fitting royal residence. She was dispossessed of this *aloha*-Victorian property of stone and gingerbread in a popgun revolution near the close of the last century. The short-lived republic that followed her converted the Palace into the home of Hawaii's elected legislature, and also installed there the Republican Party as its political instrument. The Republicans stayed in power when Hawaii became a U.S. Territory in 1898, and held the reins without a break for fifty-six years thereafter.

Hawaii's next revolution ripened slowly, with a kind of sunny deceptiveness. Its first spectacular outward manifestation occurred on November 2, 1954, which has been called the day the coconuts dropped on the G.O.P. Indeed, the voters of Hawaii cut loose with a barrage so lethal that it not only knocked the Republicans out of Iolani Palace but reverberated through the entire social and economic structure of the islands. It would, in fact, be accurate to describe November 2, 1954, as the day Hawaii discovered the New Deal.

As a result of this upheaval two broad generalizations can probably be made with safety. The first is that the era of complete control by the big-company, big-landowning white man is coming to an end in Hawaii. The second is that the attitude toward Hawaiian statehood, on the part of many people who have been among its most active proponents, is undergoing sharp revision.

These two phenomena are, of course, closely related. Hawaii still operates under a system of administrative practices, traditions, tax laws, and other statutory arrangements that are highly convenient for those in charge of an insular plantation economy. But the system has been a good deal less convenient for Hawaii's rapidly growing middle class, not to mention plantation workers and other laborers. There has, for example, always been a dollar ceiling on the amount of revenue that could be raised by taxes on land. There has been no graduated income tax except a token one in the very high brackets; instead, there has been a flat two per cent bite out of every wage earner's pay check. It had been widely felt—but never before expressed effectively in terms of a political campaign—that the burden of financing the Territory was not shared in altogether equitable fashion.

To these and many other issues the Democrats addressed themselves in the campaign of 1954 directly, simply, and specifically. In its essentials their platform might well have been lifted from the one produced by the mainland Democrats at Chicago in 1932. They pledged themselves to shift the burden of taxation from those least able to pay to those most able; to legislate away the special privileges, particularly in regard to landownership and taxation, enjoyed by Hawaii's version of the "economic royalists"; to provide substantial funds for long-range planning and economic development—with a view to both full employment and maximum use of water and other resources; to increase expenditures for the assistance of "persons unable to maintain a standard of living compatible with decency and health"; and to inaugurate a new and expanded program of school construction and public housing.

Never before in Hawaii's history had there been a coherent policy embodying these principles, and on this platform the Democrats did more than just win; they won with thumping decisiveness. A Republican majority in the House of nineteen to eleven was changed into a Democratic majority of twenty-two to eight. Of the seven seats up in the Senate, the Democrats won five, giving them a majority of nine to six.

Emergence of the AJAs

Why these issues popped up in Hawaii twenty-two years late and at this particular time is, at first glance, a baffling question. But there is a major clue in the fact that the candidates who spearheaded the Democratic campaign are Americans of Japanese ancestry—generally referred to here as AJAs—and that almost all of them are young.

This clue is important partly because Hawaii is predominantly a community of people with at least

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some Asian ancestry. People of Oriental descent now make up something like three-fifths of the population, and in this three-fifths, those of Japanese ancestry outnumber all others combined by almost two to one. But the numerical preponderance of Japanese-descended people in Hawaii is not a new phenomenon. Far more significant is the character and experience of these AJAs who carried on the campaign, and their status in the community.

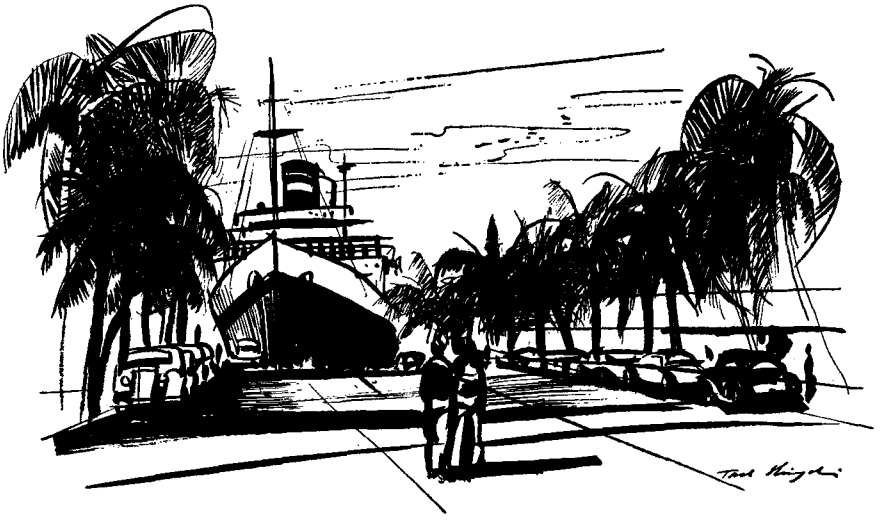
For hundreds of young Hawaiian Nisei the Second World War was the beginning of a revolutionary change in outlook and prospects. Most of them had been born to poverty, and before the war a career in big-time politics would have seemed to them as remote as the moon.

When they came home from the services, however, they found a greatly altered attitude toward themselves—an attitude of more warmth and respect. The Nisei had apparently proved something they shouldn't have had to prove: that they are normal, loyal, and perhaps rather particularly courageous Americans. They also found the G.I. bill made it possible for many of them to get a top-grade education that would have been out of the question otherwise.

Scores of Hawaiian Nisei veterans went off to universities in the continental United States, and because the professions offer a relatively unblocked road in Hawaii for educated nonwhites, many of these young men chose to train themselves in law. A number of them took jobs as assistant district attorneys.

These young men are idealistic. From their new vantage points they saw many things about Hawaii that seemed to them to need change and progress. They found themselves becoming the articulate spokesmen for an older generation of small and medium-size businessmen, a group that is predominantly of Oriental ancestry and which, in the main, has not had the white man's educational opportunities. It is a group that has grown swiftly in recent years, both in numbers and in financial resources. Many of its members are persons of considerable wealth.

On many pivotal matters their dynamic long-range interests clash with the static survival and preservation interests of the big-company, big-plantation group, but they have lacked the talent and initiative to translate their potential influence into effective political force.



Racial Idealism

To the extent—and it is a large extent—that the old oligarchy is predominantly *haole* (the Hawiian word used by everyone to mean white man) and the newer group is non-*haole,* interracial factors are inevitably involved in the working out of this conflict of interests.

In the same sense it happens to be true, at the moment, that the Republican Party tends to represent the *haoles* and the Democratic Party the non-*haoles.* Nevertheless it would be both unfair and unwise to draw hasty and ominous conclusions from the existence of this somewhat nebulous alignment. For one thing, a great many AJAs and other non-*haoles* are Republicans. For another thing, although the last election markedly increased the number of AJAs in the legislature, the voters unseated four AJA incumbents. It is also noteworthy that even though the AJAs account for something like forty-five per cent of the votes, careful studies by the University of Hawaii have developed persuasive evidence that nothing approaching bloc voting is practiced by this part of the population.

Part of the idealism of these new AJA politicians shows in their quick resentment at any suggestion that they are serving the interests of their racial group as such, and of high importance in the intergroup situation is that virtually all *haoles* are proud of Hawaii's widely advertised racial placidity. It must be said to Hawaii's everlasting credit that neither the 1954 campaign, bitter as it was, nor the debate that is now in progress about the future of the Territory has ever sunk to the level of racial recrimination or innuendo. If the battle lines are ever drawn in Hawaii on racial grounds, it will not be because anyone wants it that way; it will be by sheer historical misfortune.

It is often pointed out that non-*haoles* who work for the big companies can rise so far and no farther, cheerful harmony or no. This is, or has been, an indisputable fact. Non-*haoles* in considerable and growing numbers occupy positions of substantial administrative authority in the shipping firms, the banks, the big commercial houses, and to some extent on the plantations, but a line has been clearly chalked at the level just below officers and directors. It would appear unlikely that this line will be held much longer; it was, in fact, significantly broken not long ago when the first AJA was elected a director of the vast Ewa sugar plantation.

One factor in Hawaii that may, some think, have a bearing on how these matters are resolved is the increasing rate of interracial marriage. The almost universal attitude toward intermarriage is one of tolerance and often encouragement, even among those who themselves would not "outmarry," as the sociologists say. But the day when race distinctions even begin to disappear as a genetic consequence of intermarriage remains almost in-

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finitely distant. Unhappily, the group in which outmarriage is almost nonexistent is the group that feels the interest conflict most acutely—the old-time *haoles*.

THE 1954 ELECTION—along with the campaign that preceded it and the reaction that has followed—is a clear indication that all these developments are speeding along toward some sort of climax. The story of Honolulu's Fourth House District is a good illustration. In all the Territory it would have been hard to find a more solid redoubt for the Republicans and the big companies than this comfortable upper-middle-class section. In 1952 the Fourth District performed as usual, electing six Republicans to the six seats in the House of Representatives. All of them were *haoles*.

Most of the incumbents ran again in 1954, and to oppose them the Democrats put up no *haoles* at all, no employees of the big companies. Instead, they chose five AJA lawyers and an able young woman of native Hawaiian ancestry. Not being experienced politicians, the Democrats plugged away on their platform in the refreshing belief that the people would vote on the issues if they were given a chance. The Republicans at the outset adopted an air of amused tolerance toward the upstarts. But as the campaign wore on they began to sense the possibility of losing a seat—or even possibly two.

The big wheel of the Republican campaign throughout the Territory was the energetic Sam P. King, son of Hawaii's Eisenhower-appointed Governor Samuel Wilder King. His campaign arguments hardened along three main lines. First was the standard defense of the "ins" against an insurgent group talking issues: that there weren't really any issues involved. Second was the argument that things are fine the way they are, so why tinker with them. Third was the claim that the Democrats were in thrall to the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union and hence to the Communists.

Smear and Riposte

For years now Harry Bridges and his ILWU have been a focus of hatred and fear on the part of Hawaii's big businessmen and a good part of the general public. This fear has of course been dramatized on occasion by shipping strikes called by Bridges, which have certainly caused inconvenience, business loss, and perhaps even some genuine hardship.

Toward the end of the campaign, King played the ILWU-Communist theme with increasing vigor, but the Democrats refused to be drawn off or rattled by these tactics, and remained convinced that the Territory was ready for a sober, earnest campaign on genuine issues. This general approach led them on several occasions to challenge the Republican leadership to public debates, one of them a sort of semifinal in the Fourth District a few days before the election. Sam King, trailed by his colleagues, burst into the

hall, seized the microphone, and delivered an emotional off-the-cuff preachment on Communist infiltration. His remarks were interpreted by a great many persons as questioning the personal loyalty of the candidates themselves. When he had finished, Candidate Dan Inouye, with considerable feeling and much dignity, rose and said that he had left one arm in Italy fighting Nazis, and that he would willingly leave the other one anywhere in the world fighting Communists if his country asked him to.

This episode appears to have been too thick for almost everyone, and it certainly gained no votes for the Republicans. But neither does it adequately account for the fact that when the Fourth District votes were counted the Democrats had five of the six seats—three more than even the most buoyant Democrats had dared hope for.

Post-Election Fiasco

The Republicans were of course chagrined at the results, but they have subsequently taken some wry pleasure in the fact that the Democrats promptly became engaged in a bloody encounter with a classic political truth: For insurgents to win an election on issues and idealism is one thing, but to legislate the program is quite another.

The first session of the legislature under the Democrats, limited by statute to sixty working days, began in February. But not till the end of May did it come to its chaotic close, the clocks in Iolani Palace having been officially stopped on April 29. Totally innocent of the mechanics of legislative infighting, the novitiates stumbled about, getting in each other's way, falling victim to the log-rolling tricks of old politicos in both parties. The net result was that almost none of the key bills—for tax revision, land reform, new budget principles—came to the floor until after the clocks were stopped. Ultimately most of the legislation was passed, but it had to be backdated to April 29. Governor King, who was opposed to almost all of it, was thus able to exercise a pocket veto that the legislature had no chance to override.

Thus it has come to pass that Hawaii's New Deal is, legislatively speaking, largely on the shelf until February, 1957, when the lawmaking body meets again. The confusion of 1955 will be a major campaign item. But private conversation with the new politicians makes it evident that these boys have just begun to fight—in spite of the fact that to run for and serve in the legislature requires sharp sacrifice in money and in the building of young professional careers.

Second Thoughts on Statehood

It may well be true that only a few of the most robust G.O.P. optimists continue to regard the rout of their party as a sort of dizzy spell that will go away by itself. Other Republicans, perhaps more perceptive, are behaving as if they believe that fundamental changes are in progress. It is, for example, quite common since the election to hear such people say, "I used to be for statehood, but now

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I'm not so sure." It had been taken as an immutable certainty that when statehood was granted, the Republicans of Hawaii would produce two Senators and two Representatives devoted to the political and social precepts of President William McKinley, who was in office when Hawaii became a Territory. In view of what has now happened, it would take a bold man indeed to promise that Hawaii would send anything but Democrats to Congress.

Being in favor of statehood is of course an old habit here, and it remains the official or outward stance of most spokesmen for the Territory. Working for statehood was a plank in the Democratic platform as well as the Republican, and the AJAs are undoubtedly in favor of it. But public statements in opposition are increasing, and private views appear greatly altered. The attitudes of the people in general are not easy to pinpoint. In the continental United States one gets the impression that the half million people of Hawaii are yearning and burning to become the forty-ninth state. Over here it's difficult to work up a five-minute discussion on the subject, except with the opposers.

PERHAPS THIS INDIFFERENCE is more a matter of discouragement after all these years of trying. But it is also true that the shift to statehood would involve a great many complex legal and economic changes. Statehood would surely be welcomed as a symbol of acceptance and maturity; but most residents do not seem to be at all clear about how it would affect their daily lives, if at all. Then, too, there is a tendency among some residents to feel that the decision on statehood is not in their hands.

If mainland Democratic opposition continues—presumably on grounds of race prejudice—while Republican enthusiasm from Hawaii cools off, statehood would presumably be farther away than ever. But as far as Hawaii's latest revolution is concerned, statehood is pretty much a side issue. The Territory's big problem is whether it can handle its coming of age without destroying the human gentleness and warmth which, along with this matchless climate, have given Hawaii at least some of the qualities of paradise.

The Trouble In Lyndon Johnson's Back Yard

DOUGLASS CATER

WHILE RECUPERATING from the coronary attack he suffered last summer, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson has been devoting himself to the restoration of his ranch on the Pedernales River in Central Texas. It is part of the much larger holdings once owned by his grandfather, Sam Houston Johnson. The small—by Texas standards—and tidy LBJ ranch stands out in contrast to the surrounding arid hill country, vast stretches of which are populated only by scraggy shin oaks and a breed of emaciated goats. Johnson's ranch shows the results of solicitude and irrigation. Its fine Herefords, its sturdy fences, and its delightfully renovated old ranch house are the work of a man who brings a perfectionist's craftsmanship to everything he does.

Despite an enforced regimen of relaxation (a loudspeaker in the front veranda broadcasts soothing recorded music throughout the day), Johnson displays an exuberant energy that startles visitors. He lurches around the rough ranch roads in his station wagon, jerking to a halt every few yards to emphasize what he is saying. The lean, tanned, and restless man presents his widely ranging views with overpowering emphasis; yet he may pause in mid-sentence to reach over and remove an offensive cockleburr from the visitor's pants cuff. No detail escapes his attention.

IT IS A POINT of legitimate pride with Johnson that national attention has been focused recently on this faraway residence of a political leader for whom, since his illness, the possibilities of higher office seem remote. His ranch has become a mecca for prominent Democrats and his counsel a subject of widespread concern. This concern was deeply stirred not long ago by a New York *Times* story reporting that the LBJ ranch was serving as headquarters for an effort "to gain for the South, and conservatives generally, an extraordinary and conceivably even a decisive influence on the Democratic National Convention next year." The article said Johnson was "seeking to form a powerful centrist coalition within the party . . ." The report disturbed many Northern party leaders.

Johnson, too, was disturbed by the story, the more so since it was written by his good friend and fellow Texan William S. White. Johnson issued a vigorous denial, attributing it to a misunderstanding. He prefers not to discuss it further.

Other circumstances tended to confirm his denial. The Southern governors, who would of necessity have to be part of such a coalition, promptly announced that they had never heard of it. The LBJ guest book reveals that the principal visitors in recent months have been Adlai Stevenson, Hubert Humphrey, Bob Oliver of the CIO, William Fulbright, Stuart Symington, and Robert Kerr—hardly recruits for such a coalition. No outstanding Southern conservatives have visited the ranch recently except Governor Allan Shivers of Texas. A few days later, after further inquiry, White reported that his story had been the subject of "wide misunderstandings because of oversimplification." The Senator, it was now reported, was simply acting "to preserve and extend the policy of 'moderation' " and "to erect in the party itself the north-south bridge he has already maintained among the Democrats in the Senate."

The Great Conciliator

This, of course, was quite another proposition and certainly one more in keeping with the unique role as a national rather than strictly regional leader that Johnson has carved out for himself since he became Democratic leader of the Senate in January, 1953. The times and Johnson's temperament have worked

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together to promote conciliation within the party's ranks. He has acted deliberately to keep from being tagged as a spokesman for the Southern conservatives, and cites with pride his successful efforts to get Harry Byrd and Hubert Humphrey, Wayne Morse and Walter George pulling in harness. It has not been a mere public-relations stunt; Lyndon Johnson is a pragmatic "centrist" for whom the mechanics of politics holds far more fascination than commitment to any particular brand of political philosophy. He likes being the equilibrator, and he has displayed an almost unerring genius for discovering the common denominator of party accord in the Senate.

The senior Senator from Texas has found wide agreement with his basic proposition that the Democrats should be judged by the moderation and responsibility of their legislative record rather than by the reiteration of worn-out party clichés and vitriolic attacks against the Administration. In somewhat paternalistic fashion, Johnson promises to get the Senate to continue its legislative triumphs during the coming session; he mentions school and highway aid, increased Social Security benefits, and poll-tax reform. He makes no bones about his intention to push through the controversial natural-gas bill, but hopes that the resulting party split will be quick to heal. It is his job, he says candidly, to represent the independent gas producers of Texas just as Hubert Humphrey represents the dairy farmers of Minnesota.

PROBABLY Lyndon Johnson will play the same dominant and conciliatory role in national party affairs during the coming year that he has played in the Senate. But he will encounter a number of difficulties in doing this, the most pressing of which are to be found right at home.

Bringing even a semblance of order to that strife-ridden body known as the Democratic Party of Texas makes the conciliation of Humphrey and Byrd seem like child's play. Already a fierce and bitter intraparty struggle is being waged in anticipation of the party's state convention next May. Its two principal factions are those who pledge undying fealty to the national party and those whose equally undying fealty to Texas Democracy can be carried to the point of supporting a Republican Presidential candidate, as they did in 1952.

Factional Free-for-All

But it would be wrong to portray Democratic politics in Texas as a simple struggle between two factions. Beneath the seamy panoply of the one-party system there is multiparty politics which almost rivals that of France in its complexity. There are the Brass Collar Democrats, the Liberal-Loyal Democrats, the Shivercrats, and, lately, a cult known as the Wright Morrowcrats. Across the broad expanse of the Lone Star State, the factions divide geographically as well as philosophically—the traditional Democrats of the Deep South sections of East Texas differ widely from the equally "loyal" but urbanized Harris County (Houston) Democrats. Down in the richly fertile irrigated valley region along the Rio Grande, party politics takes on a South American flavor. There exist, for example, an Old Party, a New Party, a Freedom Party, and a Latino Party—Democrats all. Down there each party faction is a tightly regimented, boss-dominated machine, conducted on a winner-take-all basis. It was from this region's Duval County that the following cryptic message is reported to have come to Lyndon Johnson's headquarters during the freakishly close Senatorial contest in 1948: "The moon is high. The river is low. How many votes do you need?"

Finally, there is the so-called Republican Party of Texas, which stubbornly insists on its separate identity but more closely resembles a skeletal faction of the Democratic Party and only puts on flesh during Presidential elections.

THERE IS little opportunity for the forging of lasting coalitions among the factions. In Texas the important battles are concentrated on the governor's office, the individual seats in Congress, and the delegation to the party's national convention. Each candidate must somehow achieve his own coalition, traditionally by an appearance of standing above faction and a pretense of being all things to all men. Each one of these high offices represents a single, all-absorbing, unrelated objective.

Since 1939, the governor's office, and with it a fair degree of control over the party apparatus, has been held by a succession of conservatives whose main accomplishment has been resisting pressures for change in a rapidly changing state. At the same time, Texas's legislative representation in Washington has included Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, former Senator Tom Connolly, and Johnson himself, whose substantial contributions to the national and international work of the Federal government have been widely recognized. It is a tribute to the skill of Texas politicians that the leaders in Austin and those in Washington have managed to operate from the same constituency without greater conflict.

Revolt of the Shivercrats

Apart from the major political leaders, however, mounting dissension has grown among those who desire Texas Democracy and national Democracy to stand for the same thing, one way or the other. These pressures reached the point of explosion in 1944, when a states'-rights group who called themselves the Texas Regulars managed to seize control of the state convention and, after a bitter dispute, were awarded half the delegation votes at the national convention. The pro-Roosevelt forces regained control at the next state convention and purged the entire electoral slate of anti-Roosevelt candidates.

In 1948, the Dixiecrats tried to capture the party's national machinery and failed. But by 1952 the states' righters, who had accepted their leadership along with their name—"Shivercrats"—from the forceful governor, sent the official delegation to Chicago while the loyalist Democrats vainly claimed recognition for a delegation from a rump convention staged by the colorful San Antonio New Dealer, the late Maury Maverick.

The fight over which Texas delegation was to be recognized raged hotly for a time but was settled in favor of the Shivercrats after Rayburn, the convention chairman,

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passed the word that he was satisfied with assurances offered by the adroit Texas governor. Rayburn was enraged when Shivers subsequently turned the entire state party machinery into a campaign organization for the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket. Along with the Texas Republicans, who obligingly permitted the cross-filing of Shivercrats for all major state offices, he carried the state for Eisenhower.

THE ANGER of the Texas loyalists was further exacerbated by the fact that the Shivercrats held onto the Democratic state executive committee and most of the other party offices that were necessary to the conduct of an effective campaign. In the short time that remained, Rayburn tried valiantly to whip together a Stevenson-Sparkman Club organization to serve as a substitute. But planning was haphazard. A large part of the Democratic campaign literature, for example, was mailed out to the official county chairmen, predominantly Shivercrats, who promptly threw it in the wastebasket.

After the election, there was not even the semblance of a loyalist organization until the spring of 1953. Then Rayburn made arrangements with the Democratic National Committee Chairman, Stephen Mitchell, for setting up a Democratic Advisory Council to serve as the semi-official party contact in Texas.

The D.A.C., made up of about 150 members, includes representatives of local loyalist groups around the state. So far its efforts have met with varying success. It failed to capture the state convention from the Shivercrats in 1954, although the loyalist candidate for governor, Ralph Yarborough, forced Shivers into a runoff. But the main test of D.A.C. strength will come, of course, in the Presidential campaign next year.

Wright's Plight

The status of the D.A.C. is complicated somewhat by the unusual relationship that now exists between the national Democratic Party and the official Democratic Party of Texas, still controlled by Governor Shivers. This relationship is perhaps best exemplified by the sad plight of Wright Morrow, a close ally of Governor Shivers and until recently the national committeeman from Texas. In 1952, after pledging his support to Eisenhower, Morrow sent a letter of resignation to the state executive committee and transmitted a carbon copy to the national committee. The resignation was promptly accepted by the latter but unanimously rejected by the former. For nearly three years, Mr. Morrow was in the position of an ambassador who had been declared *persona non grata* by

Senator Johnson

the power to which he had been accredited.

Then, last May, Governor Shivers, attending a governors' conference in Washington, went to a Democratic breakfast on the Hill and closeted himself afterward in a kitchen pantry with the new National Chairman, Paul Butler. It was said that Butler laid down the party's conditions for recognizing a new national committeeman from Texas. In June, during a speech-making tour of Texas sponsored by the D.A.C. and boycotted by Governor Shivers, Butler revealed that he had told Shivers that the committeeman must have been loyal in 1952 and be acceptable to both Rayburn and Johnson as well as Shivers.

Wright Morrow, who by then had developed a stubborn determination to hang onto his job, announced mirthfully to the press that even Shivers himself would not meet these qualifications. A few days later, with an angry bellow, he told reporters that Shivers was pressing him to resign even while vowing publicly not to "bend a knee" to national party dictation. After a vituperative exchange, which split the Shivercrat ranks, Morrow was ousted in July by the state executive committee.

The task of finding a replacement still remained, and there were continued avowals by Shivers's lieutenants that there would be no knuckling under to Representative Rayburn in the matter. Suddenly, early in October, it was announced that Lieutenant Governor Ben Ramsey had been appointed to the post—a choice, it later came out, suggested by Johnson to Shivers and approved by Rayburn.

BUT THE DISTRESS of the Shivercrats was no greater than that of some D.A.C. members, who wondered how far their leader, Rayburn, was prepared to go in placating the enemy. Ramsey had voted for the national Democratic ticket in 1952, but, as someone remarked, made it one of the better-kept secrets in the state. On state matters he has been solidly in the Shivers camp.

The Ramsey appointment was the bone of contention at the D.A.C. meeting I attended in Waco on November 4. Creekmore Fath, an Austin lawyer and spokesman for the liberal group, had prepared a resolution condemning Ramsey's appointment and thus, indirectly, Rayburn's part in it. But discretion won the day. Everyone knew that even as they met, the stern old party leader was sitting in his hotel room upstairs waiting to address the evening banquet. A compromise resolution was adopted that praised Rayburn but pointedly suggested that "active participation in behalf of the Democratic nominees" as well as "long and faithful service" should be the criteria for electing a new national committeeman at the next state convention.

The Waco meeting ended in harmony, at least on the surface. Mr. Rayburn was on the platform nodding approval when the new D.A.C. chairman, Byron Skelton, sounded a stirring battle cry against the Shivers forces and promised the capture

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of the state convention in May. "You have in effect named me the chairman of the Democratic Party in Texas," Skelton told the D.A.C. members. And Tom Moore, Jr., a young district attorney who became head of the D.A.C. executive committee, declared, "We've got the two-party system in Texas whether some people recognize it or not. The fight is going to go on and on and on."

But success will not come easy for the D.A.C. Active citizenship in Texas during a Presidential election year is a full-time proposition. The "Path to Victory in 1956" chart prepared by the D.A.C. staff lists a crowded schedule of crucial dates—the poll-tax payment deadline in January; separate precinct, county, and state conventions before and after the national convention; and, finally, the primary and general elections. Success may be invalidated if the Shivers forces act, as they did in 1954, to oust loyalist delegations from the state conventions and simply refuse to seat loyalist designees to the executive committee. But this time the D.A.C. intends to get the same kind of nation-wide attention for the abuses of the Democratic conventions in Texas that the Eisenhower forces got for the Republican ones in 1952.

The loyalists count on certain assured strength. In Tyler, Dr. W. H. Bryant, a millionaire oil man, has engaged a full-time organizer to make sure that the forty counties in and near East Texas are in the loyalist camp. In Houston, which contains nearly an eighth of Texas's eight million population, the loyalist Harris County Democrats maintain a hard-working staff under the leadership of Mrs. R. D. Randolph, a wealthy lumber and oil heiress. Loyalist leaders have won positions of strength on the official Democratic county committees of Houston, San Antonio, Fort Worth, and other leading urban centers.

BUT THERE are internal tensions within the D.A.C. that must be kept in check if it is to provide a rallying place for the loyalist cause. In one camp are the traditional loyalists who insist that an effort must be made to lure the middle class and moderately conservative farm and city dwellers who have always provided the bulk of the voting strength. Organized labor and liberal groups should be kept in the background, since they have served as targets for Shivers's past attacks.

In the other camp are those concerned with the problems of precinct work in the big cities that are beginning to contain the predominant voting strength of Texas. For them, organized labor constitutes a source of funds and volunteer help that cannot be ignored. Jerry Holleman, an official of the AFL, predicted to me that the unions will register half a million voters, including workers and wives, for next year's elections—a goal which, if fulfilled, will dramatically revise the rules by which politics is played in Texas. In this camp, too, are the Texas eggheads, with an eloquent voice in the weekly *Texas Observer*, who believe that the state party should be remolded along more liberal as well as loyalist lines.

Which of the Three?

Any assessment of the future of Texas Democracy must inevitably get back to the three outstanding leaders who may be capable of uniting the various factions during the Presidential election year. For the loyalists, the course of Speaker Rayburn holds most immediate interest. To date, Mr. Sam appears more deeply committed than ever to fighting the fierce civil war of Texas politics. But the resources behind that commitment are not unlimited. Rayburn represents one of the least populated Congressional districts in the United States, a sort of rotten-borough constituency that the Shivercrats have frequently threatened to reapportion by extending it into the conservative stronghold of East Dallas. Rayburn's concepts of strategy have been shaped by a rural brand of politics and by the bargaining and maneuver of the Capitol cloakroom. His attitude toward the organized blocs of the Left tends to be a harsh one: They can be ignored because they have nowhere else to go.

Rayburn's critics argue that he neither understands nor feels sympathetic to the large-scale organizational activity required in Texas politics nowadays. They feel that he treats the loyalist cause too paternalistically. He has discouraged the appearance in Texas of big-name Democrats from outside the state.

AT FORTY-EIGHT Governor Shivers appears to have gone up a blind alley as far as his personal political ambitions are concerned. His narrow victory last year was a shock to him. Few believe that he will try for a fourth term in 1956.

Shivers's political philosophy has also reached something of a blind alley. He has preached states' rights with considerable zeal but his administration has failed remarkably in living up to state responsibility. The revelations of wholesale fraud in the $100-million veterans' land fund, of whose board he was a member, have attracted national attention. Fraudulent practices in the incorporated insurance companies of Texas were only belatedly stopped after a number of the companies failed. Shivers himself was obliged to testify about a certain deal in which he netted $425,000 shortly after he was elected to public office. The Times Publishing Company, his shares of whose stock he transferred to his wife, continues to receive large state printing orders in spite of accusations that this is in contravention of state law.

Some believe that Shivers would rather gladly relinquish the mantle of state leadership to junior Senator Price Daniels, who is reported to be not particularly happy with life away from Texas. Any lingering notion that Shivers might once again help lead the state into the Republican fold next November received a crushing blow with Mr. Eisenhower's heart attack. I could find no one but Republican Committeeman Jack Porter who thought that any other Republican could carry Texas.

Last summer Shivers signed what amounted to a predated pledge of disloyalty when he announced that he would not support Adlai Stevenson even if he were nominated. It seems doubtful that the other leading contenders for the Democratic nomination are any more attractive to him. Last spring Carmine De Sapio arranged an elaborately secret conference with Shivers's state chairman, George Sandlin. Weighing his words very carefully, De Sapio asked

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if Harriman could carry Texas. Sandlin said Harriman couldn't.

FINALLY there remains Lyndon Johnson. In the past he has always followed the traditional practice of the Southern statesman in Washington by keeping strictly out of state politics. But now he shows an inclination to apply his political craftsmanship to the job of establishing order in Texas. He resolved the problem of the vacancy on the national committee with the agreement on Lieutenant Governor Ramsey. He is known to be partial to the idea of going to Chicago as a favorite-son candidate if that would result in a united and harmonious delegation. (He vows that his ambitions do not extend beyond that.) He does not go as far as Rayburn in demanding a delegation pledged in advance to be loyal, or as far as the D.A.C. leadership, which demands that each delegate must have been loyal in 1952.

But for Lyndon Johnson, too, there are risks and limitations. It would be damaging both at home and nationally for him to head a patched-up delegation that proceeded to split wide open at Chicago. In plotting a limited victory over Shivers rather than a total one, he has to calculate the resentment he may stir up among the loyal Democrats in Texas. Such resentment could produce a revolt against his leadership that might greatly jeopardize his prestige among Northern Democrats. Already members of the D.A.C. are arguing angrily that Johnson would sacrifice everything to save the one-party system in Texas although it would be far better to hasten the birth of a genuine two-party system.

JOHNSON, the pragmatic "centrist," has earned universal respect and admiration for his success at finding for the national Democratic Party in the Senate the center at which it can operate with safe and enduring equilibrium. In trying to do the same thing at the same time for the Democratic Party of Texas, whose center of equilibrium—assuming it can ever be found—is conditioned by odd and ever-changing pressures, he will be attempting the most difficult balancing act in his brilliant career.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Grasshopper and the Ant

Notes on James Joyce and his brother, Stanislaus

RICHARD ELLMANN

BEING the brother of a famous author is harder than being his son. It imposes the duties of kinship without the royalties. Stanislaus Joyce, who died last June 16 in Trieste at the age of seventy-one, bore his curious burden with some irritation. He admired the genius of James Joyce but found his character "very difficult" and his later work a waste. In spite of these reservations, he lived a life that his brother shaped for him, named his son James, guarded truculently from others the right to criticize his brother, and was himself writing a book about James Joyce at the time of his death.

The book was to be called *His Brother's Keeper,* a title that consciously summed up his painful service and unconsciously indicated his sense of bondage. It was to demonstrate how Stanislaus saved his brother from dubious friends, from dissipation, and from inertia. He had to make his case as imperative as possible because James never admitted either that he had been saved or that he needed saving. The book was also to make a further point, this one incontestable: Contrary to James's representation of his childhood and youth in Ireland, Stanislaus would have shown that his brother had an intelligent and sympathetic adherent from the start in his own house.

IF STANISLAUS was a keeper, he was also a disciple. James Joyce, as the first-born, was the favorite child in the Joyce family, and Stannie, three years his junior, trailed him worshipfully. As a boy he gladly went on truant escapades with his brother, though truancy came less naturally to him; one escapade is described in James's story "An Encounter." A few years later he began to serve as what James called in *Ulysses,* a little disparagingly, his "whetstone." James tried out his theories on him, and Stanislaus made useful objections which helped to clarify them. Then he began to note down his brother's clever remarks, and his own, in a journal, which James read without being asked. When he dutifully learned from James that casual moments of life might reveal as much as sensational ones, he wrote little slices of life which at the time James usually mocked, after the manner of elder brothers, but occasionally lifted from him later. Stanislaus even experimented, after reading Tolstoy's *Sebastopol Sketches,* with writing down all the thoughts of a person going to sleep; James read what he wrote and patronizingly put it aside, but may have drawn from it a hint for the interior monologue. In later years, however, he preferred to attribute the discovery of this technique to the French writer Edouard Dujardin rather than to Stannie Joyce.

Originally James intended to use Stanislaus prominently in his autobiographical novel. So in *Stephen Hero,* a trial run for *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* he represents him as Stephen's brother Maurice, and speaks with chaffing affection of his "sombre gravity" and "his careful cleaning of his much worn clothes." The two must have made a startling contrast as they walked, deep in talk, through the Dublin streets—Stannie heavy-set, of medium height, muscular; James tall, thin, double-jointed. In their manners too they were opposites, Stannie downright and James devious and subtle. In most things

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Stanislaus followed James's intellectual lead, but he usually went further. So he too deserted the Catholic Church, but became so extreme in his apostasy that James, no believer himself and seldom the peacemaker, suggested that he moderate his revolt a little in the interests of family harmony.

Teaching English in Trieste

When in 1904 James Joyce abruptly decided to leave Ireland in the company of a young woman named Nora Barnacle, whom he declined to marry, many of his friends and relatives thought him as much a fool as a dastard. Stanislaus stanchly defended him, however, and kept up an active correspondence with him.

James took up residence in Trieste, where he taught at the Berlitz school. He depended upon Stannie for news and even to some extent for plots. So when he received a letter describing a scene in campaign headquarters during a Dublin election, he made it into his famous story "Ivy Day in the Committee Room." But Stanislaus had described the scene with savage indignation at the pettiness of Irish politics, while James portrayed it with a half-ironic tolerance. He borrowed an initial hint for his story "The Dead" from Stannie's account of an Irish tenor's way of singing Thomas Moore's song of that name.

James's gift was for transforming material, not for originating it, and Stanislaus was the first of a series of people on whom he leaned for ideas. As James remarked in later life to a friend, "Have you ever noticed, when you get an idea, how much *I* can make of it?"

THE BROTHERS were not separated for long. Stanislaus, who was studying pharmacy in Dublin after his brother's departure, wrote so bitterly of Ireland that James urged him to come for a visit to Trieste. The invitation seemed also a plea for support. Stannie had never been away from home before, and Trieste, then part of Austria-Hungary, must have seemed to his twenty years the end of the earth. But he packed up and left Dublin at once, arriving in the fall of 1905.

In some ways Trieste was hardly the city for him. It was gay, its government indulgent, its people uninhibited in their cordiality, and its brand of Catholicism more easygoing than Dublin's. But after a first bout of homesickness Stanislaus found himself content there. He discovered that his brother was drinking a great deal, and at once asserted his moral authority, reinforced by stronger muscles, to drag him away from cafés. James escaped his keeper in 1906, when he went to live in Rome for a few months, but he returned in 1907 to be dragged away from the cafés some more.

The brothers quarreled frequently and were the more bound to each other. They managed to make a living first at the Berlitz school and then by private English lessons. Their styles of teaching suited their characters. Stanislaus was punctual and conscientious in his duties. James invariably arrived for his lessons late, and after a brief drill began to converse about all manner of subjects; the lesson would end with teacher and pupil singing an Irish song together, after which James would slide down the banisters and leave, also very late. James was extravagant in fancy and in finance, and the proceeds of Stanislaus's lessons often ended—after James, smiling and smoking a cigarette, had presented his latest need—in his brother's pocket. When James revamped in *Finnegans Wake* the fable of the dancing grasshopper and saving ant, he drew upon his experience with Stanislaus by letting the grasshopper carry the day.

Stanislaus kept his brother in spirits as well as funds. He encouraged him when publishers sent rejection slips. It was he also who put the poems of *Chamber Music* into a sequence and thought of that title for them. In 1907, just before they were to be published, James suddenly decided that their sentiment was false, and went to cable the publisher not to bring them out. Stanislaus caught his arm and walked up and down with him in front of the cable office; he finally persuaded him to allow the publication to go through because it would help him publish other books. The contrast of opinion was typical: Stanislaus's judgment was sound in practical terms, but James's was right in that the thinness of *Chamber Music* sounds a false note in his work. It was Stanislaus also who suggested the title *Stephen Hero* for the early version of the *Portrait;* he based it on the ballad "Turpin Hero" that his brother loved to sing.

War and Separation

In 1909 James went back to Dublin on a visit and called on a lax friend of his youth named Vincent Cosgrave. Cosgrave told him that he had seduced Nora Barnacle after the beginning of her supposed allegiance to the author. James Joyce, a less unconventional man than he appeared, was shaken by the charge and was grateful to be persuaded of Nora's fidelity by his brother's recollection of having heard from Cosgrave five years before how the girl had rebuffed him. The question of fidelity concerned him poignantly in both

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his play *Exiles* and his novel *Ulysses*.

Until the First World War Stanislaus continued to play Sancho Panza, as the Triestine writer Italo Svevo remarked, to James's Don Quixote. The war accidentally divided them. In Trieste the Austrian authorities did not trouble British subjects at first, and Stanislaus, in his doctrinaire way, trusted too much to their indifference. He drove around the city with a friend of his to have a look at the fortifications, and was arrested and then interned in an Austrian castle. James, as usual, made out better; through the intervention of influential friends he was allowed to depart with his family for Switzerland, and spent the war years in comparative comfort in Zürich. Stanislaus thought his brother incapable of working at his writing without being held in check by him, but in Zürich during the years of their separation James wrote the greater part of *Ulysses*. He also returned to drinking heavily, but even this did not have the disastrous consequence Stanislaus foretold; underneath the excesses, James maintained a secret discipline about his work.

Stanislaus's internment was not very rigorous, and as soon as the war ended he was able to return to Trieste and resume his teaching. It was in character that the city James suggested should have become the one city in Europe for Stanislaus, while James experimented with several others. By now Stanislaus too had a group of friends, who respected his obstinate, forthright personality and liked his intelligence, independence of judgment, and blunt humor. During his separation from James he had lost some interest in his role of keeper, and James, for his part, had found other keepers whose discipline was less trying.

When James returned to Trieste late in 1919, their relations were altered. James had an income from a generous patron and was financially independent of Stanislaus; Stanislaus was understandably rather resentful of his brother's lack of gratitude. This time James's stay in Trieste was short. He taught during the school term 1919-1920 at the Commercial School, later to become the University of Trieste. But the city was less agreeable to him now, and he let himself be persuaded by Ezra Pound to go to Paris in June, 1920, to arrange for the publication of *Ulysses*.

At first Stanislaus was passed over for his brother's position at the university, but eventually it was given to him, and he became a successful and popular professor. In 1927 he married a young woman of a well-to-do Triestine family of Swiss descent and on his wedding trip visited his brother in Paris. Some years later he named his only son James.

Stanislaus's stubborn spirit never permitted him to conceal his opposition to Mussolini's régime, and in 1936 he was dismissed from his professorship. James, whose gift was for receiving rather than doing favors, helped his brother on this one occasion. He met him in Zürich to help him get a teaching post in Switzerland; but before they had arranged it, the British Ambassador to Italy was able to persuade the government to restore Stanislaus's position in Trieste.

EXCEPT FOR one brief visit to Paris, there were no other encounters between the two brothers after 1920. The last visit was rather a shock to Stanislaus. When he began to discuss Fascism, his brother said impatiently, "Don't talk to me about politics. I'm only interested in style." James, then working on *Finnegans Wake*, seemed consciously *arrivé* to Stanislaus and rather inaccessible, surrounded by admirers and drinking more than ever.

Stanislaus had not approved wholeheartedly of either of the works his brother wrote away from his side. *Ulysses* appeared to him at first to be willfully derogatory of human life, although in after years he saw more humanity in it than before, and gave most of it his reluctant admiration. *Finnegans Wake*, however, struck him as the sorry effect of the excessive adulation given to James in Paris; his brother seemed to him so sure of sycophantic praise for whatever he did that he had lost interest in communication with the rest of humanity. Stanislaus could hardly have approved, either, of the treatment of the brother theme in that book. Shem, who resembles James, is a penman, while his brother Shaun, modeled to some extent upon Stanislaus, is a postman; Shem is a tree and Shaun a stone. James of course had more in mind than his own fraternal relations, but these played their part too.

Stanislaus, back in Trieste, wrote repeatedly urging James to abandon *Finnegans Wake* and to write something more worthy of his genius. When the book was finally published in 1939 and James wrote to offer him a copy, he refused it, deliberately repudiating one of his brother's books for the first time. James died in Zürich at the beginning of 1941. The news made Stanislaus physically ill; he regretted painfully not having accepted the gift.

Reconciliation

Their alienation was dissolved by James's death, and Stanislaus made himself the keeper of his brother's reputation. During the Second World War, he had to live in Florence, away from the war zone, as an enemy alien, and from 1941 on he became absorbed in setting down his relations to James in a book. He conceived his brother's life in botanical terms, as the story of a flower's burgeoning and then of its blasting —the blasting to occur after James's final departure from Trieste.

The sections of this portrait that

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have been published or broadcast in England and America are packed with valuable information and written with considerable style. They are remarkably candid and searching, but what gives them their special force is that complex mixture of frustration, affection, envy, and regret which Stanislaus had for the days when he was closest to his brother. He strongly emphasizes his effect upon James, but what emerges even more powerfully is James's effect upon him. His residence in Trieste, his attitude toward religion, his occupation as a teacher of English, many of his literary judgments—all these stemmed from his brother.

THE EXILE of Stanislaus from Ireland was much stricter than James's. For fifty years he never set foot in an English-speaking country, while his brother made three trips to Ireland and many more to England. But in the summer of 1954, Stanislaus decided to go to England and perhaps even to Ireland. He went to London as a guide for a group of Triestine students; they traveled cheaply and had to sit up on trains and boats for thirty-six hours. In spite of his excellent constitution, the strain affected his heart, but he stubbornly rejected a diagnosis of heart trouble and shopped among doctors until he found one who agreed with him that the discomfort was of no consequence. He was invited to Dublin but decided not to go, feeling that if he went he would have to tell his fellow countrymen that their only reason for respecting his brother now was his acclaim abroad, to which they could not entirely shut their ears.

He returned to Trieste to find his health more seriously impaired than he had thought. He tried various doctors and medicines but complained that they made him feel worse, and in a characteristically broad gesture of renunciation dispensed with them.

The day he died, June 16, was "Bloomsday," the day his brother had made famous as the one on which all the events in *Ulysses* took place. Stanislaus himself was accustomed to celebrate the anniversary with a party. James dominated his death as he had dominated his life.

CHANNELS:
The Million-Dollar Surprise

MARYA MANNES

SINCE the acquisition of great wealth through the application of minimum effort has proved television's most irresistible attraction, I submit herewith to any interested agency or network a suggested program combining all the best features of "The $64,000 Question" and "The Big Surprise" and adding new elements surpassing both in sensation, suspense, and significance.

Rather than outline the purpose and format of the program, I present here an abbreviated sample of the show, to be called "Security for Life!"

(The setting should symbolize a room in the Tombs or any modern place of detention. On the left are a dais and "bench," behind which the Panel will sit; at the right is a steel filing cabinet flanked on either side by two actual detectives. In the center of the set is a small booth resembling a miniature cell, or cage, with bars.

The Master of Ceremonies enters to the Theme Music, possibly "The Ride of the Valkyries.")

M.C.: Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to "Security for Life!"

(applause)

To those of you who may not have tuned in on our first broadcast, which has topped all Trendex ratings in the history of television . . .

(applause)

. . . I want to tell you how we play our little game.

We are here, first of all, to perform a great public service. We are here to help solve an unsolved crime. In order to do this we guarantee ONE MILLION DOLLARS—SECURITY FOR LIFE!—to any contestant who can provide a clue to the perpetrators of this crime.

Now the people who know most about crime are, of course, the criminals. All our contestants are picked from the underworld, and only those who have had several convictions and are presently on parole are qualified to appear with us.

But before I tell you more, here is a charming young lady to tell you her solution—to a crime against beauty!

(Suggest sponsor might be a cosmetic firm, with tie-in as follows:)

PRETTY GIRL: Ladies, could you stand in a line-up? Could your skin stand the glare of those lights, the stare of those detectives? etc., etc.

M.C.: Thank you, Betty Jean!

(applause)

Now, this is how we play, folks—how we make each and every one of you, the great American public, perform a great public service by being judge, jury, and witness in the solving of a crime that has baffled the greatest investigative minds in the country.

Each week, ladies and gentlemen, District Attorneys from all our forty-eight great states send us an outline of *one unsolved crime* in their district or community, together with a list of suspects they would like to question in connection with that unsolved crime.

Out of all these crimes, *one* will be chosen each week by our special Panel for "Security for Life!"—the most distinguished panel ever to appear on television!

(Fanfare and music from Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," as four elderly men file in, spotlighted, in their judges' robes and take their place on the dais.)

May we present to you four retired Justices of State Supreme Courts who are giving their service to see that justice is done!

(The Panel rises and bows, to applause; then sits. M.C. faces them.)

Your Honors, will you tell us which Crime-of-the-Week you have chosen?

(First Judge rises, reads from paper.)

JUDGE: Yes, Bob. We have chosen the crime sent by Assistant District Attorney Weyerhauser of Beverly Hills, California!

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M.C.: Thank you, Your Honors.

(Turns to Pretty Girl)

Betty Jean, will you bring in the District Attorney?

(Pretty Girl exits)

But before we meet him, folks, a message from our sponsor, Occidental Airlines, who each week fly the winning District Attorney, the suspects, and the complete files of the crime to us here on "Security for Life!"

(Three Girls come front and sing in close harmony.)

THREE GIRLS *(together):*

Fly, fly, fly, fly,
See the continent whiz by!
It's faster yet
With Superjet,
Fly with Occidental!

(The Three Girls withdraw as Pretty Girl brings in D.A.)

M.C.: Ladies and gentlemen, Assistant District Attorney Sherman Weyerhauser of Beverly Hills, California!

(Applause. D.A. smiles, shakes hands with M.C.)

M.C.: Welcome to "Security for Life!," Sherm!

D.A.: It's a great privilege, Bob. This show performs a great public service and it's great to be here.

M.C.: Now, before you tell the folks here what this unsolved crime is about, Sherm, I want to let 'em in on the rules of our little game.

Ladies and gentlemen, in a moment the first contestant—our choice from the underworld—will be questioned before your eyes by the District Attorney here. In that file *(he points)*, for the D.A.'s use, are all the available records of this Crime-of-the-Week and also of the background of the Contestant and his connection with the case.

Now listen carefully, folks: If the Contestant under questioning provides *one* clue to the crime, he will get the sum of $250,000. If he provides *two* clues, he gets $500,000. If he provides *three* clues, he gets a million—SECURITY FOR LIFE! But—and follow me closely, folks, this is the fascinating twist that has made our show the greatest sensation on television for all time—

(applause)

if the Contestant perjures himself *three* times during his testimony (and our Panel of Judges are entirely familiar with every detail of the case on which to base their decisions), he gets—now get this, ladies and gentlemen, this is a hot one—he gets SECURITY FOR LIFE! You guessed it, folks. Prison!

(laughter)

Isn't that something, folks?

(Here the band might strike up "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow.")

M.C. *(to D.A.):* All right, Sherm, suppose you tell us about tonight's crime, and why you think our Contestant may provide clues.

D.A.: Well, Bob, it's a big bank robbery that's had us stumped now for a year. Every clue has led to a blind alley.

(Lights lower; still pictures are projected on a screen in the center background, above the "cell")

On the morning of June 5, 1955,

at 5 A.M., the Second Seaman's Bank at Beverly Hills . . .

(picture of bank)

. . . was broken into and the sum of $700,000 was removed from the vault. The robbers made their getaway in a canary-yellow 1955 Cadillac, which was later found abandoned in a gully twenty-five miles away.

(picture of car in gully)

What circumstantial evidence there was led us to believe that Greasy Gumbino's gang had a hand in the robbery, but all the suspects we rounded up had to be released for lack of evidence.

M.C.: But now, Sherm, fresh evidence has led you to believe that our Contestant has knowledge of the crime?

D.A.: Yes, Bob, it has.

(Pretty Girl enters, stands next to M.C.)

M.C.: Betty Jean, will you bring in the first Contestant for "Security for Life!"?

(She smiles, goes to wings, and brings in first Contestant—preferably a tough character without a jacket, unshaven.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, our first Contestant, Joseph Antonio Gomez, better known in his own circles as Gizzard Gomez!

(Applause. Girl smiles, withdraws.)

Now, before Assistant District Attorney Weyerhauser starts his questioning, Gizzard, let's have a little warmup together, just you and me. I'll ask you four questions—general ones, bearing no relation to the Crime-of-the-Week—and if you answer them correctly you will get $500 and a year's supply of Whee!, that wonderful spray deodorant for men.

(holds up bottle)

Whee! You'll go places with Whee! Eight out of ten Chairmen of Boards use Whee! Why not you?

(Turns to Contestant)

Now, Gizzard, the first question. Listen carefully.

(The four general questions can be on this order: "What instrument was used in the brutal slaying of Mrs. Agnes McClaffery in the Bronx in April of 1954?" "What is the correct word for 'pusher'? 'hophead'? 'hood'?" etc. etc. If the Contestant fails to answer all four questions correctly, he forfeits the $500 but receives a fitted traveling case, plus the year's supply of Whee!

The subsequent questioning by the District Attorney should, of course, be entirely specific, as in a routine grilling. An effective opening to this might consist of spotlighting the steel file and the detectives, with the D.A. going to the file, unlocking it, and taking out the records of the crime and the Contestant. The detectives will then lock the file and resume their positions.

Musical accompaniment to this solemn rite might be excerpts from the last act of Götterdämmerung *or, if preferred, some more popular tune such as "Poor Jud Is Dead.")*

D.A.: Gizzard, you are familiar with the facts concerning the robbery of the Second Seaman's Bank of Beverly Hills on June 5, 1955?

CONTESTANT: What I seen in de papers—

(laughter)

D.A. *(Smiles, glances at files):* Isn't it true, Gizzard, that on the

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previous night—that is, on the night of June 4, 1955—you were seen at Pat Shillelagh's Happy Dream Tavern, at 1768½ South Canyon Boulevard, from the hours of 8 until 11 P.M. in the company of Lumpy Lemnitzer, one of Gumbino's gang? etc. etc.

(During this, the Judges on the dais take notes and confer silently. A suggested device to heighten the drama and suspense during the interrogation between the Contestant and the D.A would be for the Judges to press a button at each perjury, which would in turn flash a red spotlight on the Contestant and set off the shriek of a police siren offstage.

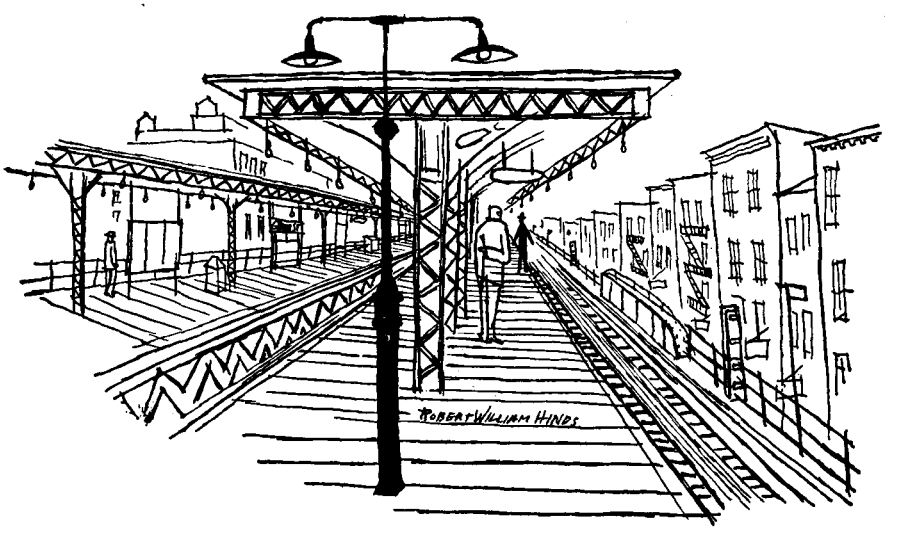
After the Contestant has perjured himself for the second time, the Pretty Girl escorts him to the little cell-booth, which should be referred to as "the Pen."

On the third perjury, the Pen lights up, the detectives open it and manacle the Contestant, leading him away while the Girl brings in Contestant 2.

On the other hand, if the Contestant provides one clue, he is presented by the M.C. with a special key which can unlock the Pen. If he gives a second clue, the Pretty Girl presents him with a fountain pen by another contributing sponsor. On the third clue, the Judges present the Contestant with a blank check, on which he is then asked to write out the sum of one million dollars, payable to himself.

When this climax arrives the D.A. holds aloft the Contestant's file, or dossier, and publicly sets fire to it, thus ensuring the winning contestant Security for Life!)

FINAL NOTE: Should any difficulties be encountered in legal quarters concerning the feasibility of such a program, they can be overcome by convincing the objectors that small points of law should not stand in the way of a great public service and the participation of millions of American citizens in the actual processes of justice. It must be made clear that the co-operation of the courts is essential to endow this program with a dignity and purpose no other television show can boast, and to stand as further testimony to the American Way of Life.



'An Andrew Jackson Of the Cities'

A. A. BERLE, Jr.

LIFE WITH FIORELLO, by Ernest Cuneo. *Macmillan. $4.*

This is a memoir of LaGuardia, who would respect a memoir least, written by Ernest Cuneo, who could write it best. Heaven only knows what devastating comment LaGuardia would make to Cuneo if he could read it, but I know he would have enjoyed it.

Cuneo, without LaGuardia's fame, has been one of the most picturesquely causative men in New York. Starting life in LaGuardia's office, he backed him in his most daring exploits and was parted from him only by death. No one but LaGuardia could have furnished the material for this book; no one but Ernest Cuneo could put it together.

THIS IS NO history of LaGuardia the Congressman, the nemesis of Herbert Hoover, the Mayor of New York, the statesman-administrator of UNRRA, or the diplomat at the Civil Aviation Conference. It is a vivid personal portrait of the strangely irreplaceable, tempestuously honest, unmitigated warrior who could and did transmit his joyously violent virtue to millions. For that matter, Cuneo is not writing as owner of the North American Newspaper Alliance (which he is) or as the O.S.S. officer who hectored the American government into an intelligent policy toward a defeated Italy (as he did) or as a recognized paladin of the strange world we call Broadway, whose terse phrases have gone around the world. He writes quite simply as a man who knew Fiorello.

Not that the volume lacks any of the corrosive sparkle that Cuneo in his kaleidoscopic career has lent to half a dozen other men. Indeed, one cannot always distinguish between the driving punch line driven home by an emotional atomic explosion that made LaGuardia great and the incisive juxtaposition of words that is Cuneo's trade-mark; LaGuardia was also master of that art. Fiorello deserves to be enshrined in stained glass in the cathedral of American history—but this is no stained-glass job. Cuneo calls it a "candid snapshot . . . taken by a young man blinking in the glare of the City Room and the glitter of New York." I would call it a Cineramic piece running at double speed.

Getting the Rats

LaGuardia's technique (it fairly blasted the vertebrae of young Cu-

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neo, just out of Columbia Law School, and working as Fiorello's law clerk) was wholly uncomplicated. In any situation he damned the torpedoes and steered straight for the biggest and most dangerous crisis the circumstances could create, and if any elements were lacking to make it into unrelieved and spectacular disaster, he contributed them. Just when everybody was about to explode into unpredictable chaos, he proposed a clean-cut emergency-driven solution. Everyone promptly accepted it with relief.

No one knew better than LaGuardia that in American politics no one moves until he has to, so that reforms are born in crisis, not in sweet reasonableness. Thus when banks were failing and President Hoover proposed that the Federal Reserve be allowed to lend money on mortgages, LaGuardia opposed it tooth and nail—unless it was clear the mortgages were not usurious, as many of them were. Cuneo urged that this was burning down the barn to get at the rats. Fiorello cheerfully answered, "I'm getting the rats, too." The outcome, of course, was the Home Owners Loan Corporation, which did scale off the usury and protected the borrower as well as the lender.

'Have a Good Five-Cent Cigar'

When Cuneo talked reform, Fiorello brushed him aside: Everybody was for good government, "but only if it applies to the other guy." Fiorello bawled him out for being a Menace to Progress but later relented. "It's all right," he said reassuringly. "You're not against Progress. . . . You just don't know what the hell you're talking about."

During the court-martial of General "Billy" Mitchell in the famous dispute over air power, Fiorello was a witness. "Are you quoted correctly in the newspapers, sir," growled a general, "in calling me nothing but a beribboned dog robber?"

"No, sir," snapped Fiorello, "I was not aware you had any ribbons."

While he was Mayor of New York, the State Department asked him to receive the dictator of Cuba, General (formerly Sergeant) Fulgencio Batista, and gave him a script for the official welcome. Fiorello told them to mind their own business. The Department was presently informed of the greeting Fiorello had chosen: "Hi, Sergeant, have a good five-cent cigar!"

'Superb Lack'

In one respect this reviewer (who occasionally figures in the pages of the book) must note an exception. Fiorello, a Republican defeated for Congress in the 1932 Roosevelt landslide, ran the following year for mayor on a Fusion ticket. He was opposed by Mayor John P. O'Brien, the official Tammany candidate. Ed Flynn, the Bronx boss, thereupon put up former Acting Mayor Joseph V. McKee as an "independent," by previous arrangement with Roosevelt. This writer, then in the Roosevelt Brain Trust, supported LaGuardia. Cuneo believes this was done at Roosevelt's orders. It was not. The best that could be done was to induce Roosevelt to keep out. And it was not the split ticket that elected LaGuardia; he would have smashed O'Brien flat even in a two-way race.

But these are small items in political battles of long ago. The fact was that Fiorello had God's own political gift: the ability to communicate. He used the simplest of word symbols. He took first things first, and refused to be diverted from his immediate goal.

While he was mauling a recalcitrant City of New York into something approaching respectability, Cuneo tried to inspire him to improve Daylight Saving Time. Fiorello's answer was terse: "Wait till I finish reforming the Constitution and *then* I'll go after the damn solar system."

Behind and below this coruscating interchange of the two men, of course, was a reality that both LaGuardia and Cuneo strenuously concealed. Both were essentially tender, even sentimental men. A sick child anywhere could mobilize all LaGuardia's batteries; an injustice to some hopeless little actress could mobilize Cuneo's (as the writer when Assistant Secretary of State once had occasion to know). Either would go after the entire banking system of the United States or the whole theatrical industry with all guns firing; either, with no less weight of artillery, would smash into some tiny instance of sordid oppression. The

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humblest as well as the greatest problem commanded the resources of both on the soundest ground: For both of them all souls were equal before eternity, and the little injustice destroying its obscure victim carried no less moral guilt than the greatest social crime. This superb lack of sense of proportion had its glory—and its political uses.

LaGuardia made reality out of an intellectuals' myth. For years they had expected an "Andrew Jackson of the cities." Suddenly, here he was. Much of the social reconstruction of the United States that took place under Franklin Roosevelt was powered by the passionate concern of Fiorello for the little man in the mean streets to whom government means not Washington but the precinct police.

In the course of his fabulous life he accomplished many things—not least of them the minor miracle of restoring, for a time at least, self-respect to municipal government. I believe that LaGuardia's achievement was no less great than Roosevelt's. Roosevelt was born to the ruling class and commanded all its resources. LaGuardia, fighting his way through every kind of barrier, had only his own indomitable courage and the limitless affection of his friends.

TOWARD the end of LaGuardia's life Ernest Cuneo repeated to him the famous lament:

They told me, Heracilitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed . . .
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

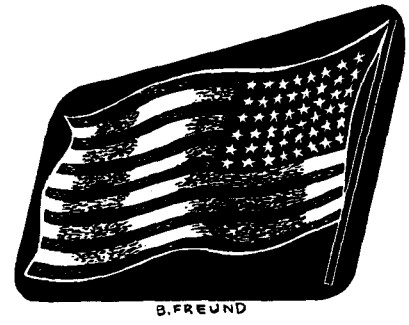
"He didn't want to see his friend die. . . ," said Fiorello. "You can't blame him for that." Nor can you blame Ernest Cuneo, or this reviewer, or the taxi-driver on the corner, or the old people in the city almshouse, or the children in the High School of Music and Art, or millions of people here and beyond the seas, for weeping when the radio flashed the news of LaGuardia's death — while his worst political enemy, then Mayor of New York, ordered the city's flags put at half mast in mourning.

How It All Looked To Mr. Truman

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

YEAR OF DECISIONS. Volume I of Memoirs by Harry S. Truman. *Doubleday. $5.*

"I have often thought," Mr. Truman writes, ". . . how much is lost to us because so few of our Presidents have told their own stories. It would have been helpful for us to know more of what was in their minds and what impelled them to do what they did." Presidential reticence has been matched only by judicial reticence, and it is less excusable. Of all our other Presidents only Mr. Hoover has told his story, publicly, during his lifetime. J. Q. Adams and Polk kept diaries, but these were private affairs; Theodore Roosevelt wrote voluminous letters "for the record" and added an autobiography, but the first have only recently seen the light and the second dealt cursorily and curiously with the Presidency. No other President has given us a history of his Presidential experience as comprehensive and spontaneous as the one now before us.



MR. TRUMAN was catapulted into the Presidency at a crucial moment in history, and we can see now that these months and years of the first Truman Administration—the years of Potsdam and the atom bomb, of the Truman Plan and the Marshall Plan and the Berlin Airlift—were, in a sense, the watershed of the twentieth century.

When Mr. Truman assumed office the problems that confronted him appeared to be immediate, concerned with tidying up the past rather than embarking upon a future: to finish the war against Germany and then bring Japan to its knees, to salvage what could be saved of bleeding and crippled Europe, to rescue millions from hunger and disease, to shift from a wartime to a peacetime economy, and so forth. For these problems Mr. Truman was not unprepared.

But the great issues of the time connected themselves with the future rather than with the past. When Truman wrote to Churchill in May, 1945, "I am fully in agreement that the next few months will decide questions of the greatest consequence to the whole world," he was yielding to the influence of Churchill's rhetoric, but his prediction proved accurate. Truman, Churchill, and Stalin were not really writing finis to a volume of history at Potsdam, but an opening chapter in a new volume, some of whose pages are still uncut.

IN A BROAD WAY we can distinguish five prodigious problems that emerged out of the collapse of the Axis powers and that have dominated history ever since and promise to dominate it for years to come. First was the falling out of the wartime allies, the emergence in naked clarity of the irreconcilable aims of the free and the Communist powers, and the division of the globe into two major groupings and such miscellaneous "third forces" as counted on an uncertain neutrality. Second was the great question of China: Would it revert to the republicanism of Sun Yat-sen, would Chiang succeed in re-establishing his authority over it, or would the Communists take over —and what would be the impact on Asia of any one of these solutions? The third problem had to do with the end of colonialism and of the notion of "underprivileged" peoples, and the emergence of a whole host

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of new nations and the release of explosive new forces of nationalism over vast areas of the globe—India, China, the Middle East, and Africa. The fourth great problem was that of the atom bomb: Would mankind blow itself up before it had learned to control atomic energy? And the fifth—one that in a sense subsumed all the others—was the problem of creating an effective international organization that would eliminate major wars and be an effective instrument for social and economic progress.

Detail in Kaleidoscope

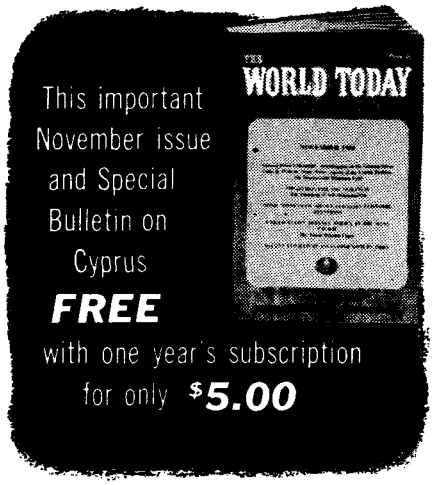
These prodigious problems did not emerge in clear and distinct form, but as part of the swift current of events, almost indistinguishable from the immediate and urgent issues that clamored for attention, and that were settled, at times, on a day-by-day basis. Winston Churchill, in his great series of memoirs, has whipped all this into shape and dealt with it on a topical basis, giving it, perhaps, greater coherence than it seemed to have at the moment. Mr. Truman, who is less of a historian and less of a literary artist but perhaps a better journalist, allows history to flood in on him as it will and does not seek to impose a pattern upon it.

What we have, therefore, is a kaleidoscopic picture of problems great and small that poured in on Mr. Truman from the day he became President. Merely to list a few of these is sufficient to suggest the feverish atmosphere in which, unavoidably, the new President lived and tried to work: the winding up of the war against Germany, occupation and occupation zones, war criminals, the arrest of famine and epidemic in Europe, financial aid to Britain, the war against Japan, the use of the atom bomb, Poland, East Germany, Trieste, the Dardanelles, North Africa, reparations, France and de Gaulle, Chiang Kai-shek and China, redeployment of American forces, demobilization, Lend-Lease, and scores of similar issues.

Neither circumstances nor Mr. Truman's temperament permitted him to deal with these problems analytically. He met them as they came up, and depended pretty much on advice from men like Stimson and Marshall, and on his own common sense, to solve them. Circumstances have since given him ample time for analysis and reflection, but Mr. Truman's temperament is unchanged, and we look in vain in these pages for the kind of interpretation or commentary that we get from Churchill, for example, or even from General de Gaulle. Mr. Truman speaks his mind here as spontaneously as he spoke at the moment of history: "I made it plain to [Harry] Hopkins that in talking to Stalin he was free to use diplomatic language or a baseball bat if he thought that was the proper approach." Or, "I told them [Churchill and Stalin at Potsdam] frankly that I did not wish to waste time listening to grievances but wanted to deal with the problems which . . . [we] had come to settle. I said that if they did not get to the main issue I was going to pack up and go home."

But however miscellaneous the organization and however impulsive the commentary, this volume deals with two large and distinct subjects: the domestic political situation and world policy. There is little formal autobiography, and little even of anything that is subjective, but Mr. Truman's character and personality gleam on every page.

The political story is lively and controversial, but disorganized and occasional. Thus Mr. Truman tells us at some length of his early ventures into politics in Missouri but next to nothing about his election to the Senate. He recounts, also at some length, the fascinating story of the work of the Truman Committee to investigate defense contracts, but tells us little about his Senatorial career in general. He makes clear that he supported almost the whole of the New Deal, including the highly controversial Supreme Court reform program, but nowhere tells us why he did so. He tells us—in pages that have already inspired heated argument—about his selection for the Vice-Presidency, but nothing about the 1944 campaign. The death of President Roosevelt and the author's accession to the Presidency are recounted simply and movingly, as are many of the homely details of life in the White House, but we miss the rich detail that



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WHAT DOES EMERGE, clearly and sharply, from this miscellany of domestic politics is a sense of the nature of the Presidential office and the Presidential power. To students of this extraordinary office (for no other country has adopted the American Presidency) this is a fascinating record. Mr. Truman is no Woodrow Wilson or Theodore Roosevelt, ready to write a philosophical discourse on the nature of the Presidential office, but somehow he had picked up sound notions of the Presidency and he had the courage to apply them from the beginning.

"There are some people," he writes, "and sometimes members of Congress and of the press, who get mixed up in their thinking about the powers of the President. The important fact to remember is that the President is the only person in the executive branch who has final authority, and if he does not exercise it, we may be in trouble. If he exercises his authority wisely, that is good for the country. If he does not exercise it wisely, that is too bad, but it is better than not exercising it at all."

Whether Mr. Truman exercised the Presidential authority well or badly is still a debatable subject, but that he did exercise it, and did not let it go by default, even his severest critics will concede. Like his predecessor he had studied history and learned from it one clear lesson: that the Presidents who advanced democracy and championed reform were also the Presidents who accepted responsibility, commanded their party, and exercised decisive leadership.

'The Buck Ends Here'

Mr. Truman, in any event, was determined to be President in his own right. He inherited a Cabinet but soon established his own dominance over it, and in time remade it to suit himself. He tells us here how he went about that, reshuffling and remaking this Cabinet, dropping Frances Perkins, getting rid of Henry Morgenthau, ousting Harold L. Ickes and Henry A. Wallace. It is not clear that the new Cabinet was better than the old, and it requires a suspension of judgment to accept a Tom Clark in place of a Francis Biddle, but it was something for the President to make clear that Presidential and Cabinet government are different things.

In two fields especially, the new President insisted upon responsibilities and prerogatives: the military and foreign affairs. The decisive assertion of Executive authority over the military occurred later; and while James F. Byrnes has not accepted *in toto* Mr. Truman's version of their split on the conduct of foreign relations, again the principle is clear. Winston Churchill, in the last volume of his great series on the war, tells us that he called on Mr. Truman on his arrival at Berlin for the Potsdam Conference "and was impressed with his gay, precise, sparkling manner and obvious power of decision." It is the obvious power of decision that impressed most of his associates—decision on the Berlin Airlift, decision on Korea, decision on domestic issues great and small. An item that does not appear in this book is relevant: Mr. Truman kept over his desk in the White House a card reading: "The buck ends here."

FAR MORE INTEREST will doubtless attach to the chapters devoted to the prodigious events throughout the globe that clamored for the attention of the President of the United States—the winning of the wars, west and east; the organization of the United Nations at San Francisco; the postwar settlements, or nonsettlements, at Potsdam; the decision on the use of the atomic weapon and the prolonged debates over the future of that weapon; great questions of Poland, the Middle East, and China. These great issues, emerging out of the chaos and the tragedy of war, dominate this volume, will dominate its sequel, and will dominate the pages of countless other volumes.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Mr. Truman's memoirs shed a great deal of new light on these chapters of history; they fill out and substantiate the picture that others have sketched rather than alter its major outlines. And although the memoirs are generously documented, they often lack documentary support where we want it most. The docu-

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mentation is quantitative rather than critical; the reports of conversations ten years ago are lively rather than authoritative.

What Mr. Truman does is confirm much that we already know, to strengthen much that we suspect, and to embellish history with his own lively recollections. Thus he confirms—what should not really be in dispute—that military considerations, not confusion or treason, dictated the Yalta agreements and continued to operate at Potsdam, and that on the question of military desirability Truman and Churchill accepted the word of their military advisers.

Thus Mr. Truman tells us what in effect both General Eisenhower and Churchill have told us—that the decision to stick to previously agreed-on zones rather than to push for Berlin or Prague or Vienna was, again, a military decision and one on which Eisenhower's was the controlling voice. Thus he reminds us that Chiang Kai-shek originally accepted the Yalta decisions, and that Stalin pledged that he would work with Chiang; there was no "betrayal" here and not even—as far as the immediate problem was controlling—any blundering. Thus he rehearses for us the melancholy story of the failure to get any satisfaction on the question of the Polish government or Polish boundaries, and reminds us of what we so often forget, that possession proved ten points of diplomacy. Thus he reports again what Secretary Stimson has told us of the debate over the use of the atomic weapon. It should be added that he fails signally to explain or to justify the second use of that weapon so shortly after Hiroshima.

The Art of the Possible

It is the detail, especially the personal detail, that is new. When Churchill insisted on making speeches: "Stalin would . . . pull on his moustache and say, 'Why don't you agree? The Americans agree, and we agree. You will agree eventually, so why don't you do it now?' Then the argument would stop. Churchill in the end would agree, but he had to make a speech about it first." Mr. Truman, like Stalin, was impatient of rhetoric, but Truman might have reflected that without Churchill's rhetoric in 1939 to 1941 the history of the world might have taken a different course. He does, however, pay one handsome tribute after another to Churchill, while his initial favorable impression of Stalin was speedily changed to disillusionment by Stalin's evasiveness, dishonesty, and lust for power.

It is clear that Mr. Truman looks back with satisfaction on the organization of the United Nations at San Francisco and does not regard either Yalta or Potsdam as calamitous. Perhaps experience in domestic politics had taught him the elementary fact that one nation cannot dictate to its associates any more than one element in a party can dictate to the other elements. He was closer in temperament to Roosevelt than to Wilson: as he did not expect too much from peacemaking, he was not deeply disillusioned. He was not lacking in idealism, but his idealism was directed to the attainable rather than to the theoretical, and it is clear that he thinks the United States and Britain did the best that was possible in the circumstances of the war and the years immediately thereafter.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Truman is never introspective and rarely reflects upon his own conduct or character, the chief value of this book may be not what it tells us of the great events of history but what it tells us about Mr. Truman. Eventually we will have the records, the memoirs, and the exchanges of letters that will enable us to reconstruct in more detail what happened in that tumultuous period. Then the historian will turn to these pages for such insights as they afford in the character and personality of the extraordinary man who was thrust dramatically onto the center of the world stage and who played so admirably the difficult role assigned to him. He has called his first volume of his memoirs *Year of Decisions*. It might well be subtitled *Man of Decision*. It is not, of course, enough that a President be prepared to make decisions; it is necessary that the decisions be more often right than wrong. Who, looking back on that prodigious year, can doubt that Mr. Truman not only made decisions but made the right ones?

IN OUR TIMES, the search for a sound morality that is also a *working* morality is a precarious one. Here — at last — is a bold explorer to guide us. He is Edmond Cahn, a prominent scholar with an optimist's heart, a philosopher's mind, a realist's eyes. A former practicing lawyer, Mr. Cahn looks for moral guidance in the one place where morality *has* to exist and be practical — the law. He deals with actual courtroom cases, and with everyday problems that are familiar to all of us — from cheating on income taxes to sexual relations and death. He gives us no pat formulas for morality, but as he discusses each case, we see (perhaps for the first time) what a really major part moral standards play in our law, and what a great influence for good the law can be in our everyday lives. As IRVING BRANT says, Mr. Cahn "has done the one thing that is supposed to be impossible — made a limitless reach and equalled it with his grasp."

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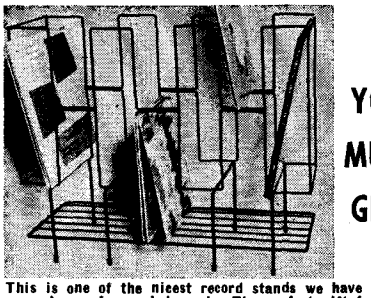

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The Limited World Of Alberto Moravia

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

5 NOVELS, by Alberto Moravia. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $6.50.*

Compulsively going round and round, the Italian novelist Alberto Moravia has staked out several circles of the Inferno as his literary preserve. His favorite realms are those inhabited by peculators, deceivers, the carnally stung. This landscape he has already surveyed to the extent of fifteen volumes of novels, short stories, and critical essays, as well as a considerable bulk of journalism. Writing almost exclusively about unhappy, diseased, thwarted, or thoroughly unpleasant people, this author, translated into twenty languages, has achieved an international reputation: surely a curious commentary on the grayness of our time.

Moravia's clinical—some would say cynical—obsession with sex has been noted by many critics. However, in all fairness, his treatment should not be judged by the lurid covers on the American paperbacked editions of his work. Moravia is not by any means a member of that school of literature on all fours represented by certain realists on this side of the Atlantic. This intense Italian is never prurient, never cheap; if he is unblushingly frank it is in the Mediterranean tradition, not for the sake of creating a sensation. Indeed, he usually deals with the tides of desire like a man caught in a rapids, desperately trying to make for shore. As Charles Rolo points out in his chatty and appreciative introduction, "Just as Balzac's work derived substance from his preoccupation with 'the truth of money,' so Moravia's work gains force and individuality from his preoccupation with 'the truth of sex.' "

In the five novels of this collection, familiar obsessive themes occur: the adolescent boy's induction into the mysteries of the life force (*Agostino* and *Luca*), the marital relationship as a struggle between inept male intelligence and irresistible female instinct (*Conjugal Love* and *A Ghost at Noon*), the use of erotic engineering as an intricate system of hoists, pulleys, and levers to lift oneself higher in the social scale (*Mistaken Ambitions*).

After reading through the representative pieces in this omnibus, one is forced to the conclusion that Moravia is honest, perspicacious, possessed of a sure classically hewn craft, but terribly limited in his vision. It is unfair to Moravia even to think of his compatriot Michelangelo in this connection. Yet Michelangelo was equally impatient of landscape and costume, and he too said everything he had to say by posing nudes against a void. But the Florentine Titan created a race of super-creatures beyond male and female, an aggrandizement not of muscles but of human dignity.

Moravia's creatures, despite the rigor with which they are observed, are a diminution of the full human scale. After all, the erotic relationship, pervasive though it be, is not humanity's sole concern. Not all of our actions, frustrations, ambitions, dreams, and achievements are referable to the libido. We also look at the stars and worry about wars.

The Light Is Neon

Nevertheless, within his limitations Moravia has shaped some of the most acutely disturbing writings of our time. Out of festering materials he creates a classic structure—eliminating all extraneous details, flooding it in the illumination of persistent analysis. But his light is neon, not sunshine. The result is usually cold, devoid of real feeling or of human sympathy. As in Gide, the tension is between precise form and moldering content, and the incongruity is as if, wandering through the colonnade of a Greek temple, one stumbled across carrion buzzing

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with flies. *Spietato*—ruthless, merciless—is the word Italian critics like to apply to this writer.

The art of Moravia, then, is more akin to a case record than to the full-blooded embodiment that leaps from the pages of a truly great writer. In *A Ghost at Noon* the narrator states in the first paragraph: "This story sets out to relate how, while I continued to love her and not to judge her, Emilia, on the other hand, discovered, or thought she discovered, certain defects in me, and judged me and in consequence ceased to love me." In a lesser novelist, so bald a statement of intention, as in a Ph.D. dissertation, would prove disastrous. But Moravia skillfully compels our attention by the way he drives straight ahead to his goal with a wealth of situational invention and clinical analysis. For Moravia the story is almost always a mere body upon which the doctor performs his operation: The ups and downs of the plot—sometimes too pat, too contrived, as in the Ulysses parallelism of *A Ghost at Noon* or the complications of *Mistaken Ambitions*—are a fever chart hung at the foot of the bed. And we the readers, usually, feel less of a tragic catharsis than a post-operative throb.

Of course it is always unfair to abstract a thesis from a novel. Once when I asked a friend of mine what his novel was all "about," he replied, "It's about three hundred pages." The rebuke was justified. A work of art can't be paraphrased or abstracted. If it can be, the author is guilty of packaging his thesis too neatly. By the precision of his intelligence, however, Moravia tempts us frequently into committing just this kind of violation. There is too little living atmosphere in his work. The idea outlines are too sharp. Moravia usually excludes almost everything that might divert us from the beam of his story. Poetic divagation, humorous aside, language play for its own sake—all this is largely lacking. Here is an Italian with all his senses alive to one of the most beautiful countries in the world. But he rarely permits himself external description. Even in the few cases when he does—some lovely paragraphs on Capri in *A Ghost at Noon*, several evocative pages on the Tuscan countryside in *Conjugal Love*—his mind, as if drawn by an elastic band, returns to the bleak inner landscape almost with relief.

Although fundamentally humorless, Moravia is capable at times of sardonic bite. This is well exemplified in "Epidemia" — Epidemic — a short story not included in this collection and to the best of my knowledge untranslated. This little political parable, published after the fall of Fascism, describes how certain individuals in an unspecified nation begin mysteriously to emanate a most fetid cloud from the tops of their heads. The sufferers gradually discover a semantic cure for their illness: At first the stink is a stink, then it really is only a bad odor, then a good odor, then a perfume, and eventually so delicious, so ineffable a perfume that its victims have only pity and contempt for the ever-diminishing number of those who persist in calling it a stink. Eventually a state of perfect calm reigns; without exception the citizens are completely lacking in olfactory nerves.

Leda and Luca

In *Conjugal Love* a Boccaccian situation is presented with mocking precision: A dilettante author, Silvio Baldeschi, comes to the conclusion that he is blocked in writing what he hoped to be a masterpiece because too much of his vital energy is expended in loving his beautiful wife. He therefore proposes to his wife that while he is engaged on this work, they abstain from lovemaking. "But how do other writers manage?" asks the wife. (Her name, not surprisingly, is Leda.) "I don't know how they manage . . . but I imagine they lead chaste lives, at any rate while they're working."

"But D'Annunzio," she said. "I've heard . . ."

At this point Silvio decides that he has made a mistake. He hurriedly assures Leda that he is really not interested in becoming a writer; the only thing that matters to him is their love. But it's too late now; the wife insists on the bargain. Silvio falls into the trap he himself has dug. However, to his joy he discovers that his theory of the conservation of energy was correct: His book now begins to flow beautifully. He is blissfully immersed in his work when one day Leda complains about the

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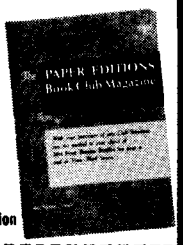

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attentions of a gross barber who comes to the villa every day to shave the author. Silvio, blind to what is really troubling Leda, refuses to take her complaint seriously. He pooh-poohs her charges and refuses to dismiss the barber. The inevitable happens. On the night Silvio completes his first draft, he takes an ecstatic walk alone in the moonlight. Passing the threshing floor he witnesses—in a scene of terrible power—his wife's infidelity with the barber. Leda's beautiful face has been transformed into a mask like a gargoyle on a Gothic cathedral.

And now the final irony. Rereading his completed novel, Silvio discovers that he has failed, that instead of a masterpiece he has created a mediocre work. The parallelism is complete: Artistic failure as well as conjugal failure results from an unwillingness or incapacity to yield oneself to primal forces.

A similar diptych is made up by the two *novelle* dealing with adolescence. Both are beautifully organized pieces of storytelling: terse yet rich, and poetically evocative of that disturbing passage between boyhood and manhood. *Luca,* indeed, is a small masterpiece, one of the rare instances when Italian sun breaks through the usual Moravian cloudbank. In a series of willful No-sayings Luca rejects filial love, school ambitions, his games, his friends—heading like a sleepwalker toward the final rejection of life itself. The boy's spiritual malaise results in a serious illness. Luca wants to die; a middle-aged nurse helps to cure him. And as her last act of life affirmation, the nurse makes the ultimate gift to the fifteen-year-old boy. What in other contexts would be tawdry in this case is not.

Subsequently, reflecting like one of the author's maturer heroes on the engulfing beneficent vital power of his experience, Luca concludes: "Yes . . . that is what life should be: not sky and earth and sea, not human beings and their organizations . . ."

How strange to hear that "should" from the thin lips of a descendant of Machiavelli! Moravia, of course, is not simply Luca grown up. But in a large sense he does deny nature and society, deriving his disturbing power almost entirely from the ruthless focusing of his field of vision. His first novel, *Gli Indifferenti,* published in 1929 when the author was only twenty-two, created a sensation in the minds of those who interpreted its bitter aloes—a nonpolitical account of middle-class ennui, corruption, and emotional sclerosis—as an attack against Fascist morality. "He saw, always in others, the same falseness, the same shabbiness that filled his own spirit, and it was impossible to rid his eyes of the film of discouragement and impurity that interposed itself between him and life." But now, a decade after the fall of Fascism, we see that Moravia's caustic view has nothing to do with politics: His people are still the indifferent ones, staring at the same brick wall.

Victorians Seen Without Mockery

THOMAS D. PARRISH

Victorian People, by Asa Briggs. *University of Chicago Press. $5.*

Back in 1918 Lytton Strachey wrote *Eminent Victorians,* a long and brilliant sneer at the age of Disraeli and Gladstone. The laughter has died away. Sound scholarship, however, can still offer examples of a curious Victorian blend of comedy and tragedy (as in Cecil Woodham-Smith's account of the charge of the Light Brigade, *The Reason Why,* a chronicle of "the two greatest muffs of the nineteenth century"). Generally, however, the twentieth century has managed to make its predecessor look a great deal better than it did to Strachey, and we have somewhat more sympathy with an age whose defeated watchwords were progress, order, and security.

Victorian People is neither hostile nor nostalgic. It is a book in the splendid tradition of G. M. Young's *Victorian England* and the BBC symposium "Ideas and Beliefs of the Victorians"—except that it covers only the years 1851 to 1867 (which suggests that Victorian scholarship is becoming more specialized). This was the high noon of Victoria's reign, introduced by the great Crystal Palace exposition and concluded by the passage of the second Reform Bill. The symbol of the period was the enormously popular Lord Palmerston; as Young wrote: "In the eyes of the world and his country Palmerston was England and England Palmerston."

Though the title might suggest otherwise, *Victorian People* is not a study of manners and mores. Its concern is chiefly political, and the important events of the period are presented in a series of enlarged portraits of the principal actors. The Crimean War, for example, is described in the portrait of John Arthur Roebuck, the Radical M.P. who forced an investigation of its sloppy conduct; this particular chapter, though, has to fight hard to avoid being dominated by Palmerston himself.

On the whole, the author's method works well. The chapter on the trade unions—its subject is Robert Applegarth, a truly remarkable labor pioneer—is excellent. And anyone who has read *Tom Brown at Rugby* or any of the Horatio Alger stories—somebody must have—will enjoy the portrait of Thomas Hughes.

In reading the straightforward discussion of the superbly named Samuel Smiles, the leading bootstrap thinker of the day, one can see countless openings for mockery of the Strachey type—openings that the author has refused to exploit. Nowhere, in fact, does Mr. Briggs indulge himself in style at the expense of substance. You won't find much humor here, but there is insight and a great deal of well-organized information. And, since it tells us about the world that gave birth to our own, the information is valuable.

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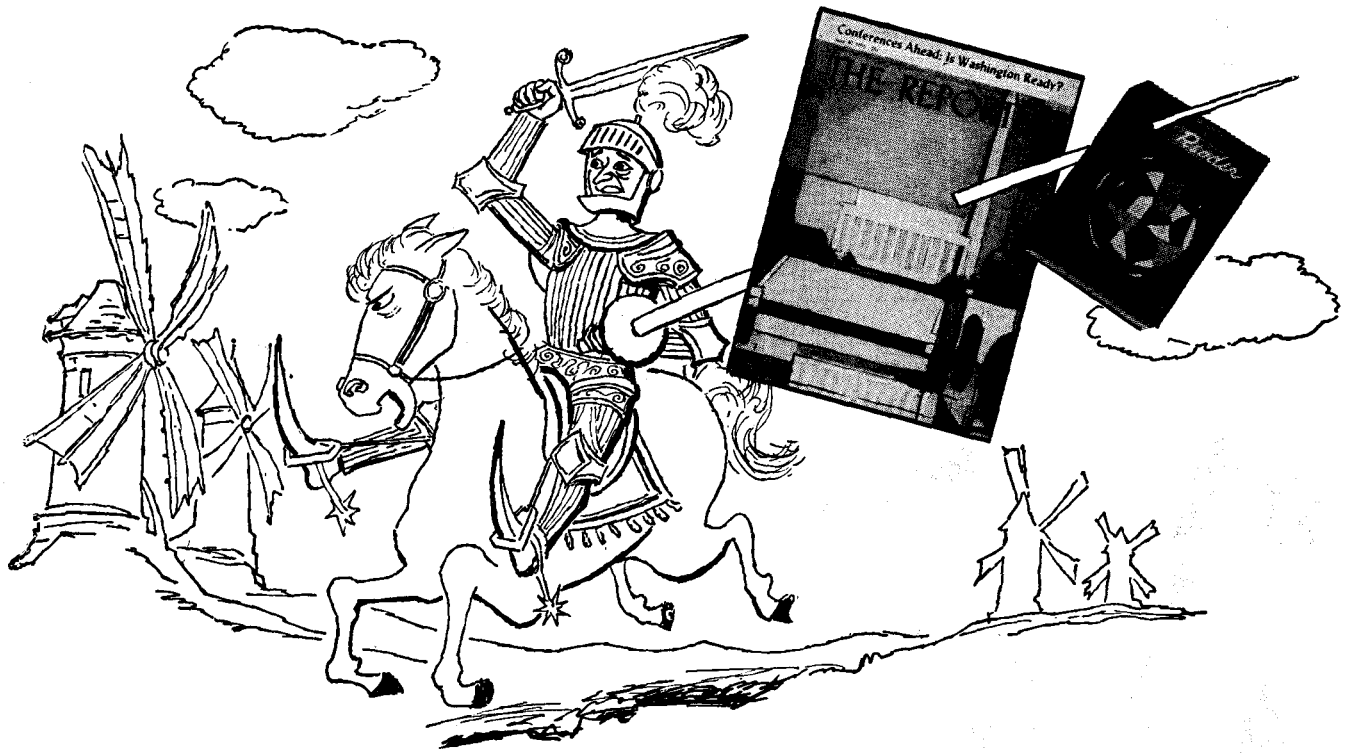

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